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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

QUEER DEBATE IN THE MARYLAND HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

From The Baltimore American, June 19.

MR. BROWN (Secessionist) of Howard County, submitted the following preamble and order:

"Whereas, It has been represented to this House that sundry slaves in Maryland have escaped in this State, and are now harbored by the Northern troops encamped in this State, and that, although application for such slaves has been made to the officers of said troops, no steps have been taken to secure the return of the same, therefore,

"Ordered, That the Governor of Maryland be respectfully requested to take this matter of the escape and harboring of slaves into his especial consideration, to the end that he may adopt such measures as may be, in his judgment, most efficient to secure the return of such slaves as have already escaped, and are now supposed to be within the lines of the Federal troops; and that he take such further measures as may be most efficient to prevent the escape of slaves for the future, in the manner above indicated; and in case of slaves in the future, from this State, taking refuge with Federal troops, to secure the return of such slaves to their masters, on application being made where the slaves are supposed to be.

"And he is further requested to report to this House any information upon this subject, which he may deem to be advantageous to the people of Maryland."

Upon this order there sprang up quite a lively discussion as to the propriety of its phraseology, and of several of the requests made upon the Executive.

Mr. Landing (Secessionist), whose fidelity to the interests of his constituents, and whose peculiar originality of style and expression has won him the honor of representing Worcester County for some twelve or fifteen consecutive terms, thought there was room for amendment in the order.

He thought that "there's just room enough there for to ask President Linkum (laughter) to interfere and give us back our niggas. It ain't no use, no how you kin fix it, to ask Gov. Hicks to do it—'cause he can't—we've got to go up higher yit" (laughter). And, therefore, he was for amending the order so as "to ask President Linkum (roars of laughter) for to please to give us back our niggas, as we've got a good deal more use for 'em than he has" (renewed laughter).

Mr. Pitts hoped that the order might be withdrawn. The Governor had no power under the Constitution to suggest or adopt any measures to prevent the escape of slaves, nor yet to effect their recovery. By adopting this order, therefore, the House would be asking the Executive to perform a duty not imposed upon him by the Constitution. The return of fugitive slaves was a duty specially devolved upon the General government by the Fugitive Slave law, and owners must look in that direction for satisfaction. He hoped that the order would be withdrawn and its informality corrected.

Mr. Denison (Secessionist) was opposed to its withdrawal. He thought the escape of slaves from Maryland was incidental to the action of the Governor, and contended that the Executive could, by consulting with the generals, colonels, or whoever might be in command of the United States troops, secure their cooperation in the return of the fugitives. He said that this loss of valuable slaves was becoming of very frequent occurrence. He knew of a number of cases in Baltimore County, and his friend from Howard (Mr. Brown) had that morning received a letter informing him of the escape of seven slaves from that County to Washington, and that their owners, upon applying for their recapture at Washington, had been received with jeers and hisses by the soldiery in the presence of their officers. He denounced these escapes and the means by which they were rendered successful, as downright robbery, and said that the interests of Maryland imperatively required that a stop should be put to such proceedings on the part of the Northern soldiery.

Mr. Pitts (Secessionist) explained that his objection to the order was based upon a mere question of form, when Mr. Denison replied that it was a matter not of law but of negotiation. He believed that Gov. Hicks had sufficient influence with the Northern leaders to be able to secure the return of these slaves. He believed him to be the only man in Maryland who could effect such a result; and he was in favor of having him do it, for the practical good which would result from such a return.

Mr. Landing had a few words more to say. The only reason why he wanted the order amended was "just this": The gentleman has told us 'bout the loss of seven slaves. Well, that's a considerable item (laughter). But, while they're a losing the niggas, I've lost my Minie rifles (great laughter). (Mr. Landing had with great difficulty obtained forty Minie rifles for the people of this County, at the commencement of the present secession, which were seized by order of Gen. Butler on board a schooner at Baltimore, chartered to convey them to their destination, and taken to Fort McHenry). An' when I asked to have 'em back, why the Governor he tells me for to go to a higher law. He says I must go to the President of the United States or to Gen. Butler; and while I'm 'bout it I'll tell you another thing, we couldn't get them back if all the people in the State was to ask for them, unless they choose to give them back to us. Well, now, it's no use going to the Gov'nor to get back the niggas. He can't do it; and I want to amend that order, so as to go to the higher power at once. I want President Linkum (laughter), or Lincone (laughter), or whatever you may call him, to tell his higher officers for to give to little Maryland her private property, which she bought on her own hook (laughter). An' he ought to give them back, 'cause we can't fight for it, we havn't got any arms; but, at the same time, we ain't agoin' to be walked right over, an' they mus'n't try it, or there'll be a lovely fight, I tell you (laughter). We don't want to quarrel with old "Uncle Abe" (renewed laughter)—the easiest way is always the best way of settling a difficulty, but then he must act the clean thing by little Maryland. If he's a friend of ours, as he pretends to be, why let him come to T (laughter). Let him order all his officers to protect us, instead of robbing us before our faces (laughter).

Mr. Fiery (Union) stated, upon the authority of a gentleman recently from Washington, that three of the slaves spoken of by the gentleman from Howard had been returned to their owners, and apprehended no difficulty in the return of the rest.

Mr. Brown explained that the three slaves referred to by Mr. Fiery had no connection with the seven more recently escaped, and who had been alluded to by Mr. Denison.

The order was eventually withdrawn for the purpose of amending it, and the House adjourned.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

Some "gentleman" of the South who does not like the *The Evening Post* has informed us of it in this way:

"Mr. Editer The letter which appeared in your damn abolition *Evening Post* last thursday and perpurting to be wrote by a young Lady of Charlston is about on a par with the damn Abolition lies which constitute the Staple of News in the Mersenery Press of the Abolition States. As it was merely promiscuously as it were that my attention was called to it, I take the liberty of indignently stigmertising it as a false counterfiet and damn abolition *lie*, do you understand that, sir, a damn abolition *lie*. It is plane language sir and in my section of Country though we are not Quakers we are in the habit of using plane language espishally when dealing with damn Nigger theives. In branding you with this contemptable eperthet and insult I wish you to understand that it is the brand of a citizen of the Proud glorious conquoring indepentant Palmetto State of South Carolina that has embarmed among its illustrious Arkives the immortal names of the Gallant Brooks and the equally bonerd PINKNEY."

Selections.

"O, MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE."

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O, MOTHER of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

AY, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons!
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide—
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O, fair young Mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

BEECHER TALKING TO SOLDIERS.

[On Sunday, June 23d, Henry Ward Beecher went to the camp on the island of the Two Brothers, and delivered a discourse to the regiment known as "The Brooklyn Phalanx," in which he has taken a deep interest. We copy *The Times's* report of his address.]

HAVING read a passage from the New Testament, which indicates to all men the propriety of evading profanity, of turning the second cheek when the first has been smitten, and of going two miles with a man, who would be content with one, he said: what a blessed day that will be, when all men live in the spirit of this passage. It is the spirit of Christ—the world will be but heaven when that life prevails. Hate will turn to love—there will be no cursing, no beating, no oppression, and it is promised that all men shall be brothers. It will be easy to live in those days—no trouble then; but the question is, how to live till then? If men were all peaceable, it would be easy enough, but how to be Christians when men won't let you live as you would like to, is a question that has agitated the world for many years. Many good men are troubled to know how I can give countenance to war—how I can reconcile the Bible and its doctrines to the cruelties and horrors of war. Well, you all know it is possible to do violence to another without exhibiting temper. Take the case of a boy who is six years old. He thinks he is older and wiser than you, and you know better. He comes to you cross, obstinate, and saucy. You first reason with him—he continues stuffy. Then you deprive him of supper, and keep him home from a pic-nic—he is stuffier. You have tried his intellect, you have touched his interests, but must go lower yet. And you just turn him up and spank him till he cries out, "Stop, stop, I won't do so any more!" and then you let him up and off (laughter). Here you have been, from one end to the other, and, having tried all, succeeded only when you touched him physically. The higher is the better, but the last is better than none. And so it is in national government. If they will submit to reason, or to the dictates of their interests, all right—but they *must* submit, they must listen to something, and if the first remedy does not succeed, sound the scale till you find out where they live, and then hit them. This is not done in anger with the child, for punishment hurts the father more than it does the boy, nor is it revenge or hatred that sends you down South at this time. You do not go there as revengers, but as peacemakers; all things peaceful have been tried, and it having come to physical violence, that, too, must be conscientiously applied. You are the conservators of law. The army is the right hand of government, and the exponent of justice.

[Here Mr. Beecher proceeded, by various illustrations, to show that it was entirely reconcilable with the position of a soldier, that he should pity and feel for those against whom he fought as a sheriff might pity the man about whose neck he had placed the noose, and whose mortal coil he was so soon to clip.]

Resuming, he said: If ever a war was a just one, this in which you go is. If ever a soldier could with propriety ask the protection of God, the guidance of his Heavenly Father, and the assistance of His omnipotent arm, you can. And concerning you, in whom I have so deep an interest, I have but one wish. Come back to us glorious, every man crowned with laurels, or come not back at all (great cheering from the soldiers). Let us see you honorable men, or else hide your faces from us forever. You have the right to pray at morning for God's guidance, and at night for his protection. You are upon His work, and you go forth in His care.

Some people ask if this is to be a crusade of emancipation? No, it is not. I hate slavery intensely—as much as any other man, I detest it. Slavery of a white man or a black man, of the needle, of the factory, of the shop, of the plantation. I love the family of man. I believe every man has a right to his liberty, his own freedom. Liberty is the birthright of every man, yet ours is not an army of emancipation. Why? Because the fifteen States of the South are guaranteed security in their property, and we have no right by force to dispossess them of that property. But if, while we send down armies to quell insurrection, to keep the peace and to crush out rebellion, the slaves avail themselves of the chance to cut and run, that is their lookout—not ours (laughter). It is no intention of ours; but if, as a natural sequence, liberty follows, I shall be glad of it. I believe that before the judgment seat of God, white and black will be alike; still, we do not go South to free the slaves. While, however, we do not go South for that, we do not go South to be anybody's "NIGGER-CATCHER."

So far as I am concerned, I would see my arm wither in its socket, and my flesh perish in corruption, before I'd lift one finger, or stir one foot, towards sending a slave back to bondage. When the Fourteenth Regiment was in Washington, three dusky fugitives came into their camp, and a file of men was ordered by Gen. Sandford to take them—where? Not to freedom, but back to their master, and their master gladly accepted them, and departed without taking the oath of allegiance (cries of "shame"). Now, if I'd been Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Adjutant and Major rolled into one, I would have said, "Boys, there's the bush, and if you get there before I do, you are good fellows"; and I think they would succeed, for I should suddenly become lame (laughter). Many people fear that if the slaves should gain their freedom, they would swarm at the North. Don't you believe it. The black face was made to kiss the sun, and the North pole is not suited to the skin of the blacks. Under heat which would wilt you, the negro begins to feel quite spruce, and can work with glee where you and I would melt. And I believe Canada, in five years, would be emptied of her black population, and a colored face in New York would be a curiosity. Well, what else will be done? I know that at present it doesn't look as though the South would ever love us very much, but they will. I have seen, in a village, a big, blustering bully, who for days has been blazing about the stores, making everybody fear him, until, all at once, he comes upon some little plucky, gritty chap, who, galled by his manner, suddenly pitches into him, and thoroughly thrashes him. Instantly, and curiously, the bully changes. He's happy, jolly, kind, good-natured, and singularly pleasant. He's like flax, which, you know, is never fit for anything till it's been whipped (laughter). So I think no men can be better than the Southern men will be after they have been whipped; and it won't be hard to whip them, either. Thus far, they have played an undertaker's part. They have dug graves and fought out from them, but whenever our men have had a fair show at them, the Southerners have run away—scampered like sheep. Let us hear no talk of peace. We can have no peace. When victory furls our regimental banners we will have peace, but not till then. The South will find that they are not half as smart as they think they are, and that you are smarter than ever. It's time to stop their talk of whipping us. They say that one South Carolinian can whip five Yankees. Well, perhaps they could, if they had the same chance at the Yankees that they have at their darkies. Otherwise, I can't see it. A great light of information is to break upon them in this regard. You *are* smarter than they. You have toiled in the field and worked at the anvil. Your arms are like whip-cords, your bones striking flint, strike fire. Their men have not seen such life. Our men are hardier and tougher than they, and man to man are better than they. But with all this, you are numerically stronger. You are two to their one. No war is a human war which is an even war. We should bring to bear upon them an overwhelming force. Respect is the foundation of peace. When they have felt your blows; when they have seen the greasy mechanics, and felt their grasp about their necks; when they have felt the impress of our "mud-sills," they will respect you more than they do now, and this gasconading will cease. Don't pull down the flag. There are men here whose grandfathers fought at Bunker Hill. Then the American Eagle could drink from the water on either side of this great continent and lave in the lakes or the Gulf as it deemed best. Now, however, they say he shall not fly south of Mason and Dixon's line. Give it again the chance to go where it will. We want the same flag; we want the same bird symbol of American freedom and of liberty that our fathers had. Let us then go into this work *con amore*. We will convince our Southern brethren that we love them when they behave themselves, and will whip them when they don't.

Here Mr. Beecher stopped, but the interested audience cried, "Go on," "Go on," and he resumed.

He said that he felt a great interest in all the Brooklyn regiments. When the Twenty-eighth went off, his Church did a little for them—when the Thirteenth went off, they raised $1,100 for them, and when the Fourteenth went, although they had no official or peculiar relation with them, they did what they could for them.

"And now you've come. You have labored under more disadvantages than all the rest. The City of Brooklyn has done nothing for you—nor has the Defence Committee, the State, or the National government. We hope the Common Council will. I don't find fault with them, but I do praise you. Your patience, perseverance and diligence are beyond praise, and I thank you. You represent no party and no Church. You are good Roman Catholics, good Protestants, good citizens. You are as good as any of them, as good as the best, and I doubt not, on the field of battle there will be none more brave, more loyal, more courageous. Diligence, carefulness and sobriety are better in the soldier than in the laborer or professional man, and you are diligent, careful and sober. I am proud of you, and when you get your uniforms on and have learned your regimental drill, I ask as a favor that you will march to my Church and sit in the body pews, that I may show your lovely faces to the citizens who will crowd the galleries, and say, These are the men whom you call the scum and offscouring of the City; and when you go off you shall have at least $1,000 in the regimental chest, for luxuries and little comforts so inexpressibly grateful to the sick and the weary.

And when you have gone, we can do but one thing more for you. Every morning, when we pray for our children, we will pray for you; and at night, when we commend them to the tender care of a loving Savior, we will remember you. And when you fall, you shall not be forgotten. A book of remembrance shall be kept, and every name shall be written there—and not only written, but remembered so long as there is a City of Brooklyn, and a Plymouth Church therein.

DESPERATE STATE OF AFFAIRS AT THE SOUTH.

[Extract of a letter to The London *Times*, from its special correspondent, William Howard Russell, LL.D.]

NEW ORLEANS, May 25, 1861.

THERE are doubts arising in my mind respecting the number of armed men actually in the field in the South, and the amount of arms in the possession of the Federal forces. The constant advertisements and appeals for "a few more men to complete" such and such companies furnish some sort of evidence that men are still wanting. But a painful and startling insight into the manner in which "Volunteers" have been sometimes obtained has been afforded to me at New Orleans. In no country in the world have outrages on British subjects been so frequent and so wanton as in the States of America. They have been frequent, perhaps, because they have generally been attended with impunity. Englishmen, however, will be still a little surprised to hear that within a few days British subjects living in New Orleans have been seized, knocked down, carried off from their labor at the wharf and the workshop, and forced by violence to serve in the "Volunteer" ranks! These cases are not isolated. They are not in twos and threes, but in tens and twenties; they have not occurred stealthily or in by-ways; they have taken place in the open day, and in the streets of New Orleans. These men have been dragged along like felons, protesting in vain that they were British subjects. Fortunately, their friends bethought them that there was still a British Consul in the city, who would protect his countrymen—English, Irish, or Scotch. Mr. Murc, when he heard of the reports and of the evidence, made energetic representation to the authorities, who, after some evasion, gave orders that the impressed "Volunteers" should be discharged, and the "Tiger Rifles" and other companies were deprived of the services of 35 British subjects whom they had taken from their usual avocations. The Mayor promises it shall not occur again. It is high time that such acts should be put a stop to, and that the mob of New Orleans should be taught to pay some regard to the usages of civilized nations. There are some strange laws here and elsewhere in reference to compulsory service on the part of foreigners, which it would be well to inquire into, and Lord John Russell may be able to deal with them at a favorable opportunity. As to any liberty of opinion or real freedom here, the boldest Southerner would not dare to say a shadow of either exists. It may be as bad in the North, for all I know; but it must be remembered that in all my communications I speak of things as they appear to me to be in the place where I am at the time. The most cruel and atrocious acts are perpetrated by the rabble who style themselves citizens. The national failing of curiosity and prying into other people's affairs is now rampant, and assumes the name and airs of patriotic vigilance. Every stranger is watched, every word is noted, espionage commands every keyhole and every letter-box; love of country takes to eavesdropping, and freedom shaves men's heads, and packs men up in boxes for the utterance of "Abolition sentiments." In this city there is a terrible substratum of crime and vice, violence, misery, and murder, over which the wheels of the Cotton King's chariot rumble gratingly, and on which rest in dangerous security the feet of his throne. There are numbers of negroes who are sent out on the streets every day with orders not to return with less than 75 cents—anything more they can keep. But if they do not gain that—about 3s. 6d. a day—they are liable to punishment; they may be put into jail on charges of laziness, and may be flogged, *ad libitum*, and are sure to be half starved. Can anything, then, be more suggestive than this paragraph, which appeared in last night's paper: "*Only* three coroners inquests were held yesterday on persons found drowned in the river, names unknown!" The italics are mine. Over and over again has the boast been repeated to me that on the plantations lock and key are unknown or unused in the planters' houses. But in the cities they are much used, though scarcely trusted. It appears, indeed, that unless a slave has made up his or her mind to incur the dreadful penalties of flight, there would be no inducement to commit theft, for money or jewels would be useless; search would be easy, detection nearly certain. That all the slaves are not indifferent to the issues before them, is certain. At the house of a planter, the other day, one of them asked my friend, "Will we be made to work, massa, when ole English come?" An old domestic in the house of a gentleman in this city said, "There are few whites in this place who ought not to be killed for their cruelty to us." Another said, "Oh, just wait till they attack Pickens!" These little hints are significant enough, coupled with the notices of runaways, and the lodgments in the police jails, to show that all is not quiet below the surface. There have been many paragraphs stating that slaves have contributed to the various funds for State defense, and that they generally show the very best spirit.

The influence of the blockade will be severely felt, combined with the strict interruption of all intercourse by the Mississippi. Although the South boasts of its resources and of its amazing richness and abundance of produce, the constant advices in the journals to increase the breadth of land under corn, and to neglect the cotton crop in consideration of the paramount importance of the cause, indicate an apprehension of a scarcity of food if the struggle be prolonged.

Under any circumstances, the patriotic ladies and gentlemen who are so anxious for the war must make up their minds to suffer a little in the flesh. All they can depend on is a supply of home luxuries; Indian corn and wheat, the flesh of pigs, eked out with a small supply of beef and mutton, will constitute the staple of their food. Butter there will be none, and wine will speedily rise to an enormous price. Nor will coffee and tea be had, except at a rate which will place them out of the reach of the community. The Southerners generally believe not only that their Confederacy will be acknowledged, but that the blockade will be disregarded by England. Their affection for her is proportionably prodigious, and reminds one of the intensity of the gratitude which consists in lively expectations of favors to come.

THE ABOLITIONISTS AND THE WAR.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

IN reviewing, in our last number,* an editorial article on "The War in America" in the London *Herald of Peace* for June, we quoted its extraordinary allegations against the American Abolitionists, that "they are plunging into the war spirit with a headlong violence which almost leaves all competitors behind"—that they have abandoned their pacific moral agitation, and are "hounding on their countrymen to mutual slaughter"—that they are acting "on the immoral and unchristian axiom that, in order to punish or to destroy one crime, we are at liberty to commit another"—etc., etc. For thirty years, it seems, they have inflexibly met every temptation to swerve a hair's breadth from the path of rectitude, and have allowed no violence done to themselves to induce them to resort to carnal weapons; but now, without even a plausible excuse for so doing, in the judgment of their London accuser, they reveal themselves to be governed by the most rancorous feelings, and foremost in the disposition to wage war against the South! If this is true, it is the strangest and saddest transformation of moral character upon the record of the nineteenth century. But it is not true: it is a slanderous impeachment. They stand precisely where they have always stood; their measures and aims are as pacific as at the beginning; their appeals are still to the hearts and consciences of their fellow-countrymen; their reliance is still upon the faithful utterance and application of the truth. That, as between the Southern conspirators who are seeking to acquire universal and absolute sway over the country, in order to legalize and protect slavery everywhere, and the government that is struggling to maintain whatever of freedom has come down to us from the revolution of 1776, they are with the government in sympathy, is true; but how is this a repudiation of their principles, or a radical change in their method of advocating the anti-slavery cause?

In the first place, the assumption that the Abolitionists are non-resistants is entirely erroneous. Not one in a hundred of them has ever indorsed or pretended to act upon the principle of non-resistance. It is true, the American Anti-Slavery Society pledged itself at its formation to give no countenance to violence and bloodshed *in the prosecution of its work as an organization*; and that pledge it has carried out to the letter up to the present hour. But, beyond its own official acts, it leaves its members free to decide for themselves to what extent they shall stand by the government, especially when its overthrow is menaced by that very Slave Power which the Society was formed to extirpate. To deny them this right would lead at once to the dissolution of the Society. As an association, their pledge to prosecute their work by moral and peaceful instrumentalities is one thing; their obligations and duties as citizens, toward the government, quite another.

"Let not the friends of the slave," says *The Herald of Peace*, "on this side of the water, be deceived. This is not an anti-slavery war. The great bulk of the men who are now swelling the war-cry, and rushing into the ranks to fight, are men who despise the 'nigger' and hate Abolitionists as cordially as ever." But this does not tally with a previous statement in the same article—viz.: that "Northern orators and journalists threaten wholesale confiscation of Southern property, advise setting free the Southern slaves, and raising them against the Southern rebels"—and, again, "that, infinite as is the iniquity of slavery, *the attempt to abolish it by war* is only an attempt to cast out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils." Thus, our London censor is incensed because the object of the war is not the abolition of slavery; and still more incensed because that result is aimed at! Now, we admit there are some very paradoxical features presented by the war itself; nevertheless, we think Mr. Phillips, in his speech at Music Hall, rightly characterized it when he said—

"The noise and dust of the conflict may hide the real question at issue. Europe may think, some of us may, that we are fighting for forms and parchments, for sovereignty and a flag. But really, the war is one of opinion: it is Civilization against Barbarism; it is Freedom against Slavery. The cannon shot against Fort Sumter was the yell of pirates against the Declaration of Independence: the war cry of the North is its echo. The South, defying Christianity, clutches its victim. The North offers its wealth and blood in glad atonement for the selfishness of seventy years. The result is as sure as the throne of God."

We know that the aim of the government is to restore the Union as originally formed; but it is beyond its power to do this, because nothing will satisfy the South but a full and hearty compliance with all its nefarious demands. As the case now stands, eleven of the slave States have dissolved their connection with the Union, and formed an independent government which they are now fighting to maintain. One of two events, therefore, must speedily follow: either slavery must be abolished throughout the South, under the war power, in which case the union of all the States on the basis of freedom will inevitably follow, and a permanent reconciliation be made; or the seceding States must be allowed to go their own way; and as that will be bringing the Canada line down to their very borders, the result must be the speedy overthrow of the slave system, by the impossibility of preventing a general exodus of their slave population, or a general uprising of the slaves, no longer to be put down by Northern bayonets.

[NOTE.—In the haste of writing, last week, referring to the Crimean war, we said, "Unquestionably, Russia was entitled to sympathy and success," rather than the English and French Allies. We desire to cancel, or at least to qualify that declaration. The case between the contending parties, relative to "the sick man" (Turkey), and that *questio vexata*, the ever vacillating "balance of power," was too complicated to enable one, even at this distance, accurately to determine the relative amount of guilt incurred by the various contending parties.]

* See STANDARD of last week, fourth page.

THE LOYAL REGIONS OF THE SOUTH.

From The Washington National Republican.

UPON a general view of the slave States east of the Mississippi, they exhibit a disaffected rim skirting the Mississippi river, the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, enclosing an elevated plateau which is occupied by a loyal population. The lowlands, which constitute this disaffected rim, are characterized by the presence of a large proportion of slaves. The highlands, which constitute the central region, are comparatively free from that social and political curse.

West Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, Western North Carolina, East Tennessee, North Alabama, Northern Georgia, and probably Western South Carolina are loyal. East Tennessee, which is the centre of this central plateau, is not only loyal, but belligerently loyal. Its people are not only ready to fight, but they are determined to fight in defence of their liberties and nationality.

This central plateau embraces the Cherokee country, acquired by General Jackson twenty-five years ago, and which he regarded as so essential to the unity and integrity of the South. It is over that country that the great railroads do pass and must pass, which unite Memphis and Charleston, and the Southwest with Virginia.

This geographical description points out what the plan of the summer campaign ought to be. It is simply to take advantage of the loyalty of East Tennessee, which is easy of access through East Kentucky, and thereby reduce the South to what General Jackson said it was before the Cherokee acquisition, "*a mere rim.*" The great railroad from the Southwest to Virginia runs through East Tennessee for more than two hundred miles. It can be cut off at a blow. The same thing is true of the Memphis and Charleston railroad.

The entire of this elevated region of the South, which is loyal, is favorable to the health of troops in a summer campaign, much more so, indeed, than the average of the places where our troops are now located.

SOUTHERN REFUGEES.

THE telegraph tells us that Washington is at present inconveniently crowded with fugitives from Virginia, who have been driven out by the rebels on suspicion of entertaining Union sentiments, or else have had to fly to avoid being impressed into the rebel army. Similar stories come from Fort Monroe and other points on the border.

The fugitives in Washington, to whom the telegraph makes allusion, are, for the most part, probably, white men. On the other hand, those who come in to Fort Monroe are nearly all black men. But all are said to be Union men, and all have alike been persecuted for their fidelity to the cause for which the nation is in arms. This being the case, it is clear that they have also an equal claim on the protection of the government and its agents.

While white men and their families receive this protection without question, we notice that some of our officers refuse it to black men, when they return on demand of persons who come from the enemy's camp. Now, we conceive this to be wrong. It is wrong to take it for granted that those black Union men are slaves. Every man, whatever his color, is in the eye of the law free till he is proven a slave by regular trial before a United States Commissioner. Until the proper officer declares him, after fair hearing of evidence, a slave, the presumption is that he is a free man; and he who, without such trial and decision, sends a man, be he black or white, into slavery, commits a serious offence.

It is the duty of the government to guard from injury all Union men who claim its protection. But it is not necessary that the authorities should charge themselves with the maintenance of such refugees, whether white or black. If Washington is uncomfortably crowded, it would be prudent to secure such of these persons as are too poor to pay their way, a free passage to some place where supplies are cheaper and work more easily obtained. This care should of course be extended to refugees at all other points. No Southern Union men will lack friendly assistance at the North. Beyond this, we cannot see that the government or its agents have any business with these people.

But there is another way in which those of our officers who are sending back black refugees to the camp of the enemy are falling into error. Grant that these persons are slaves—though this fact has not in any instance been proven—and the question arises, Whose property are they? A rebel comes into our camp with a flag of truce, and demands the body of a certain negro who has taken refuge there. He says it is his slave; and the man is given to him. Is it not manifest that this is without warrant of law? No United States Commissioner would dare return a slave to one who did not prove by satisfactory evidence that he was his owner. A man who should expect to get possession of a slave by his mere assertion that he was his property would rightly be sent out of court. How wrong then, to give up these men who are not even proven to be slaves, to the first vagabond of a traitor who comes without proof to claim him!

We do not say what the government and its agents should do with these black Union men. But it certainly should not return any, the least one, without satisfactory proof before the proper officer that he is a slave, and that he is the owner who enters the claim.—*Evening Post.*

LETTER FROM GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

TYNEMOUTH, Northumberland, England, June 7th, 1861.

MY DEAR GARRISON: Yours of the 21st ult. has within the present hour reached me at this place, where I am staying for a few days, going almost daily into Newcastle to consult with my anti-slavery friends there on the progress of the cause in America, and the means we may legitimately employ to promote it. This is a pleasant watering place, with a fine expanse of sea beach, a noble old abbey in ruins, a strong fortress, romantic cliffs, and charming walks through green fields, and beside hedges fragrant with hawthorn.

I have been a deeply interested observer of late events on your side of the ocean, and have studied them with all the powers of reflection I can command. My talk is incessantly in reference to them, and I miss no opportunity of publicly addressing my countrymen upon them. I enclose you copies of reports made of my late speeches in London and Leeds, the tenor of which I hope you will approve. I have endeavored to make myself master of the constitutional argument, in relation to the doctrine of State rights and secession, which I am often called upon to debate.

I am extremely glad to find the views expressed in your letter before me so coincident with my own. I have pondered much and deeply upon the probable issues of the present war. I was occupied in writing all day yesterday upon the subject, and could not resist the conclusion, that the present struggle *must* end in the downfall of slavery. I dare say, if I had time to develope my process of reasoning, it would be found that our ratiocinations are alike. May God grant that our hopes may be realized!

To me it appears that, by the conduct of the South, the North is released forever from the obligations imposed by the Constitution of '87. The despots of the South are *traitors in arms*. They have trampled the Constitution in the dust; they have disgraced the national flag; they are seeking the destruction of the North; they have reversed the Declaration of Independence; they have proclaimed the rightfulness of human slavery; they have inscribed upon the cornerstone of the atheistical edifice they seek to rear, "The black man is always, and forever, the property of the white man." If these things be so, will the North spare the accursed domestic institution? Will the armies of New England and the free West return, before they have planted the flag of personal freedom side by side with that of the Union, and decreed that slavery is forever abolished in every part of the national domain? God forbid!

I am not discouraged because the abolition of slavery is not one of the *declared* objects of the President in the struggle he has commenced. I am not discouraged because the thousands who are flocking to the Federal standard, while they shout, "The Union," "The Constitution," and "Our star-spangled banner," do not also shout, "Down with Slavery!" I am not discouraged because kidnapping has been permitted in Chicago, and General Butler has played so infamous a part in Maryland, and slaves have been driven from Fort Pickens, and even Greeley has talked with "bated breath" on the subject of slavery, in recent articles in *The Tribune*. No! I have confidence in the inevitable tendency of events, and their resistless influence. The doom of slavery is sealed! Witness, the judicial blindness of the slaveholders! Witness, the madness that ever precedes destruction! Witness, the universal expectancy of a nation of slaves, waiting to be "born in a day"! Witness, the feverish excitement of the free colored population, as freemen in a quiet submission to lawful authority. The North can send troops enough to the battle-field to put down this rebellion, without infuriating the passions or arming the hands of the slaves. Some of the most intelligent and reliable might be employed in the army as scouts and guides, and others as laborers, while the great mass should be required to remain quietly at work in their respective localities, as the Federal army shall arrive with the proclamation and gift of freedom.

If these views be correct, then the abolition of slavery is really the key note of the war, and we cannot too soon familiarize the people and indoctrinate the government with the idea. Friends of liberty, spread these thoughts far and wide. Tell them to your neighbors. Communicate them to the local papers. Introduce them into sermons and addresses. Circulate them in tracts, among the people in their homes and the soldiers in their camps. Form, as speedily as possible, an overwhelming public sentiment that shall demand a recognition of this solemn national duty. Petition Congress at the approaching special session to take bold ground in this respect. Never was there so propitious a time. The people are nearer ripe for this act of justice than politicians believe. They will sustain a policy of freedom to the last man and the last dollar. The providence of God has levelled mountains in an instant, and the road to liberty lies open to the slave. Shall the nation dare to obstruct it?

Now is the time for action. Let the watchword be, "Immediate abolition of slavery, as a military necessity, and as the only way to save the country." Let the Republican party, which has been so long in power, and which has so many pledges to redeem, be made to feel that it is responsible for the present crisis, and that it must do its duty, or be overwhelmed in the ruin which it has helped to bring upon the country. Let the Democratic party be made to feel that it has been the tool of the slaveholders, and that it must now rally to the support of the government, or be consigned to infamy. Let the Union men of the South be encouraged to rise in their might, and to strike for liberty and the Union, and they will be joined by thousands and tens of thousands. Let the Union be declared to be dissolved by the secession of the slave States, and the Free States be called upon to form a new Union, based upon the principle of freedom, and the whole free population will rally to the standard. Let the Constitution be declared to be a dead letter, and the Declaration of Independence be proclaimed as the only true basis of government, and the whole North will be electrified with the spirit of liberty. Let the Fugitive Slave law be declared to be unconstitutional, and the whole North will be ready to resist it. Let the Dred Scott decision be declared to be a nullity, and the whole North will be ready to repudiate it. Let the Supreme Court be declared to be a pro-slavery tribunal, and the whole North will be ready to abolish it. Let the Democratic party be declared to be the party of slavery, and the whole North will be ready to overthrow it. Let the Republican party be declared to be the party of freedom, and the whole North will be ready to sustain it. Let the Union be declared to be the Union of freedom, and the whole North will be ready to defend it. Let the Constitution be declared to be the Constitution of freedom, and the whole North will be ready to support it. Let the Declaration of Independence be declared to be the true basis of government, and the whole North will be ready to maintain it. Let the Fugitive Slave law be declared to be unconstitutional, and the whole North will be ready to resist it. Let the Dred Scott decision be declared to be a nullity, and the whole North will be ready to repudiate it. Let the Supreme Court be declared to be a pro-slavery tribunal, and the whole North will be ready to abolish it. Let the Democratic party be declared to be the party of slavery, and the whole North will be ready to overthrow it. Let the Republican party be declared to be the party of freedom, and the whole North will be ready to sustain it. Let the Union be declared to be the Union of freedom, and the whole North will be ready to defend it. Let the Constitution be declared to be the Constitution of freedom, and the whole North will be ready to support it. Let the Declaration of Independence be declared to be the true basis of government, and the whole North will be ready to maintain it.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

REMOVAL.

THE Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office has been removed from 107 North-Fifth Street to 106 North-Tenth Street—four doors above Arch, west side, nearly opposite the office of *The Friends' Review*.

All business pertaining to the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, including the sale of anti-slavery books, the receipt of subscriptions for THE STANDARD, *Liberator*, London *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, etc., etc., will be transacted as heretofore at this office.

THE CHANCES OF COMPROMISE.

A LIVELY curiosity pervades the land as to how the new Congress will conduct itself at the Extra Session which inaugurates its existence this week. Boding voices have been heard in the air, croaking forth auguries of baleful compromises, threatening to suck the life-blood out of the nation, at the very moment that it is rejoicing to feel it coursing through its veins healthfully, for the first time since it first drew the breath of life. It is perfectly natural that such fears should strike a chill to hearts which have been sickened so long and so often by the still recurring disease of compromise, whose type was fast growing chronic and seemed likely to become the abnormal condition of our body politic. If the past is to be the pattern of the future, we have nothing to hope but a renewal of the surrenders which the North had contracted the habit of making to the slave-drivers, and which the traitors who made them pleaded as their patents to entitle them to the highest rank and power in the nation. Claims happily disallowed from Clay to Seward, the traitors having invariably seen the prize of their treason carried off by men who were at least free from the direct obloquy of the crime. If the next chapter of our history is to be but a repetition of those that preceded it, we have indeed but a dismal prospect of pages differing only from those that went before in being smeared with blood as well as with dirt.

But happily,

"*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis;*"

the times are changed and we along with them. The glittering prize of the Presidency is no longer held out by the slave-drivers as the reward of the man who can deserve it by the ingenious variety of his genuflections and the grovelling abjectness of his prostrations. One great occasion of the blessed fatuity of the slaveholders, which has driven them to their present desperate estate, was the belief that these humiliations were volunteered for the absolute and native love the performers bore to slavery, and that the same men would be willing to endure any yoke and yield any service which might further the glory and the kingdom of that divinity. That there are some such we know well, who would be willing, for the mere pleasure of the sensation, to offer themselves as the hewers of any quantity of the rotten wood of politics and the drawers of any quantity of the dirty waters of compromise that their slaveholding masters might ask at their hands. But these are not of the men that have weight in the councils of the nation, and have a prosperous future opening fairly and naturally before their eyes. Neither Clay nor Webster, nor even Douglas, did the deeds which blacken their names, and for which they received their just reward in the ingratitude of the base Power they humbled themselves to serve, for the pure and simple love of slavery. If they could have mounted to the imperial heights of power by services done to freedom, and benefits instead of woes bestowed upon mankind, who can doubt that they would have chosen it rather? But they groped the best they could after what they longed for in the darkness that gloomed about them, and stumbled, disappointed and heart-broken, into dishonorable graves. If any public man of the present day is ambitious of following in their footsteps and meeting with a fate even worse than theirs, he will have an opportunity of gratifying himself during the present fortnight.

But we hardly think it credible that any man, with the breath of political life in his nostrils and with the possibilities of a distinguished future before him, can be found ready thus to dirty himself for nothing. That a defunct politician, like Mr. Crittenden,

"A corpse set up for show,
Galvanized at times to go,"

may make the desperate attempt to botch up the rent which slavery has made in our flag is likely enough. He has nothing to look forward to, and his attempt, however futile, can make his political or his social *status* no worse than it is now. His home is in the South, and, whether Kentucky hold her moorings to the Union or be drawn into the maelstrom of secession, his political influence and the personal respect felt for him among his own people will not be lessened, it is likely, during the brief remainder of his public or his natural life, by any reconciliation he may attempt between the irreconcilable elements of slavery and freedom. But very different will be the fate of any Northern men who should initiate or assist at any such daubing with untempered mortar. They will perish in their own craftiness and by their own devices. They cannot win the South, and they will lose the North forever. The South is not worth the winning, if she were to be had; while it is the North that holds in her hands all the dazzling gifts that tempt and reward political devotion. This being so self-evidently the case, we do not apprehend that there will be many Northern men so in love with ruin as to embrace the desperate chances of a pro-slavery reaction; at least, just yet. That there may be even prominent men at Washington who cannot believe that the slave-drivers are not of the very essence of their being, the source and fountain of all political power and preferment, and who think that some device may be hit upon for the patching all the States again up into a great President-making machine, is altogether likely. Though we learn very fast in this country, it is not easy for any of us to understand how completely the whole scheme and philosophy of the game have changed within less than three months. And it is hardest of all for men whose eyes have been all their lives, so to speak, blinded by the glamor of politics, to see the new state of things as it really is.

Whatever may be the possible good will of any politicians at Washington in the direction of compromise, we think there are two obstacles in their way, which will hinder their having their wish, at this session. One is the Northern army, whose encampments whiten the country round about, and the other is the Southern army, which, whatever may be its straits, is still an entity, and one of a controlling weight in any such question as this. When Congress comes together to look the state of affairs in the face, they must see first of all the patent fact that there are near, or quite, three hundred thousand men under arms, who have left the pursuits of peace for a purpose, who are not mere hireling soldiers who fight they know not for what and they care not for whom, but intelligent, voting citizens, who have not marched up to Washington to be marched back again at the bidding of any clique of political hucksters. At least, they will insist on knowing the reason why. Every aspirant at Washington knows that the next Presidency is carried in the knapsacks of the soldiers now in the field, and that they will not bestow it on any civilian who defeats the victory they are in arms to achieve, and sends them home again baffled and discomfited by them that profess to be on their side. Those legions have not thus gathered themselves together, to disperse themselves again, without some marked and unmistakable result, at the bidding of any political caballer whatsoever, and we do not believe the attempt will be made. But suppose it were and could be carried successfully through, what could the scheme be that should commend itself to the other army, of which Richmond is the present headquarters? That army has been partly recruited and partly forced into the service of the rebellion, on the promise of easy victories in the field over the cowardly Yankees, and of affluent booty in the sack of Northern cities. Is it likely that these men will suffer these hopes of glory and of gold to be dispersed by the breath of any scurvy politicians? For, admitting their military and financial condition to be as desperate as it has ever been described, the fact of such desperation and of the superiority of the United States could not be safely revealed to them. Whatever the leaders may think, the led must still be made to believe that they are sure of victory and of plunder. It would not be safe for those leaders to make any arrangement with the United States that would not be equivalent to the amplest victory. Either an acknowledgment of their independence, or the assumption of the payment of the Southern army with the restoration of all officers from Twiggs and Tatnall downwards, and the extension of slavery to all parts of the country, with guarantees which should make its political supremacy certain.

Now, it is not likely that the first of these alternatives will be granted just yet, and we are by no means sure that the last would be accepted if we should offer it. Jeff. Davis is not reduced to such extremity yet, by any means, as to take anything short of his first demand, independence. The Southern country will, doubtless, suffer much more than we; but there is no reason why it should not hold out a long time in its present method of warfare. It will have plenty of "hog and hominy" to eat as soon as the next harvest comes in, and that is all it ever has, as far as nearly nine hundredths of its inhabitants are concerned. The wealthier classes will be impoverished, and the absence of money will cause great inconvenience; but they can get along without money in their warfare for a long time, if their persistency of spite, which stands to them in the place of moral principle, only holds out. They have a bank currency, which, though good for nothing outside the frontiers, answers the purposes of money to some extent within them. Certainly, much better than the Continental money in which the Revolution was fought for seven years. The Davis faction have men enough, their cavalry is better than ours, their artillery as good—thanks to the judicious stealings of Floyd—they have abundance of excellent officers who have stolen their education from us, they are acting on the defensive in a country they know perfectly well—why should they entertain the idea of yielding the object they have gone to war to gain? To make peace for anything less than independence would be as great a humiliation to them as it would have been to us had the Continental Congress, after the 4th of July, 1776, made peace with England for the Repeal of the tax on tea, glass and painter's colors. It is not to be supposed that they will entertain the idea, or that it would be safe for any man to propose it. Their game, we conceive, will be to prolong the war as much as possible, by avoiding pitched battles, annoying us by ambuscades and masked batteries, and by cutting off outposts, and by a guerilla warfare generally, in the expectation of wearying us out by the expense and annoyance of the war and into granting them their terms. We do not apprehend, therefore, any immediate danger of a disgraceful compromise, at this present juncture. Neither the North nor the South will suffer one to be made, and the attempt would only bring ruin on the men proposing it. Still, our public men cannot be watched too jealously, so inveterate is their proclivity to pacification by surrender. But we think any access of that malady must be a light one, at this time.

SPEAKING THE RIGHT WORD.

WE have so often, in the discharge of our duty as the conductor of an uncompromising anti-slavery journal, been constrained to censure Dr. Thompson of *The Independent* for things which he has said or done in relation to slavery or to the Abolitionists, that it affords us an unexpected pleasure to be able now to record an act of his every way worthy of commendation. We learn from the daily papers that, on Sunday evening last, he delivered a discourse to his congregation on "The Cost of our National Liberty and the Price of Keeping it," in which he took strong ground in favor of the entire abolition of slavery by the National Government, in the exercise of a power incident to the present war. Friends who were present assure us that what he said is but feebly reproduced in the following extract from *The Tribune's* report:

"A mistake was made in not putting away slavery in the early days of our nation. There was a glaring inconsistency in saying in one breath that all men were created equal, and with the next that black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect. The danger which threatened our liberties could only be removed by removing the cause. Emancipation was the true means for bringing good out of impending evils.

"Give a man his wife, his children, himself, and he has so many pledges for law and order. Slavery demoralizes all connected with it. There is a class too proud to work and too poor to live without it; the slaveholders are cruel from fear of insurrection; they put a gag upon speech and the press; they raise up in the North a set of politicians, whose motto is, 'Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.' Slavery is a combination of almost every form of tyranny and rapine into one stupendous, legalized iniquity.

"The speaker said that he should, however, shrink from emancipation by violence. But the present rebellion called upon us to do whatever was necessary to preserve domestic tranquility. *This could be done only by putting away slavery. Congress should, therefore, pass an act that each Rebel State, on disbanding its treasonable forces, shall, before being entitled to a representation in Congress, pass an organic and irrepealable act abolishing slavery within a specified term of years* (applause). *In* the Union, without slavery, or *under* the Union with slavery, shall be the alternative (renewed applause.) Dr. Thompson, requesting silence, said that if they had slavery under their heels he would wish to have them stamp upon it."

We cannot help saying that Dr. Thompson appears to much better advantage in uttering such sentiments as these than in heading a movement to put down Dr. Cheever, or in seeking to patch up a miserable compromise with the American Tract Society, whereby that institution was to be excused from opposing slavery itself, and only required "fraternally to discuss" the evils which that system is known to promote!

A colored preacher, in the course of an excited prayer, cried out, "O Lord, do thou curtail de power of de debbil"; whereupon one of the brethren audibly responded, "Yes, Lord, *cut his tail smack smooth off!*" "Amen!" simultaneously ejaculated a score of voices. The only way to destroy "the evils which slavery is known to promote" is to abolish the system itself—to "cut it smack smooth off" at a blow, as a foul excrescence upon the body politic—a sin, not to be tolerated for a single hour. If the Churches and ministers of the country had dealt with it after this fashion, instead of weaving ingenious apologies for slaveholders and busying themselves in attempts to show that slaveholding is compatible with Christianity, the land, instead of being in the throes of civil war, would now be resounding with the shouts of enfranchised millions!

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT, in the letter which will be found on the fourth page, offers some very pertinent and timely explanations and suggestions in regard to the attitude of the government and people of Great Britain in respect to the American Slaveholders' Rebellion. His observations seem to us eminently fair and just toward all parties, and we consider ourselves fortunate in being able to offer them to our readers, the more so because they stand in such marked contrast to much that has been written upon the subject on both sides of the Atlantic. We may also refer to the letter from GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., copied on the first page from *The Liberator*, as evincing a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and a just appreciation of the views of American Abolitionists.

"OUR ORDERS."—The beautiful poem thus entitled, on the fourth page, should have been credited to *The Atlantic Monthly* for July. Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE is believed to be the author.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

A DISCOURSE,

Delivered at the Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, June 30, 1861,

BY E. H. HEYWOOD.

Phonographic Report by JAMES M. W. YERRINTON.

IT is our good fortune to live in a stirring period, and one exceedingly interesting to look into. Any moment, being the conflux of two eternities, is very worthful, but times like the present seem peculiarly so; perhaps, because we touch life at more points, shake ourselves clear, somewhat, from the meshes of society, the cobwebs of politics and ecclesiastics, in which most of us are sucked dry and bloodless, and range abroad a little. I like such times. All things go on their own merits again. The Spirit of Progress, moving upon the face of society, its foundations are broken up, and those who have clung must swim or sink—either is good for them. Fat officials are unhitched from their bread and butter. Constitutions, codes, creeds, unions, all are solemnly interrogated whether they have anything inherent or lifeful. If not, down they must go; for, through them, or over them, the world must get forward. At such a period, you look for the Constitution where it is—in the glass—not to huckstering statesmen, playing hide-and-seek among law-books. You look for the Church, not at Beecher's—for the Supreme Court, not at the Capital, but under the jauntiest hat you meet on Washington street. One seeks help for himself and in himself. Outside authority doffs its hat to inside authority.

Such moments are the inspired periods of the race—the only ones that history thinks it worth while to remember. The problem of life is to do something, to think and kick; to pass from the material to the ideal; from what is partial, relative, temporary, to the universal, the absolute, the eternal. The organic forms of society—politics, commerce, the schools and the Church—are methods of transit; attempts to bridge the chasm. Your social evil—war, slavery, intemperance, woman's wrongs, or the like—is the slough of despond, in which the race sticks by the way. Inspiration, poetry, philosophy, the dreams of lovers, the intuitions of women and children, are prophecies of that perfectness of which we are capable.

—"Through the ages, one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Just now, this upward movement is energetic, volcanic; it is the historic feature of the present period. Human nature is insurgent. Titans toss and Ætnas tumble here and there. It is the dawning millennium of "mud-sills." War results. Graduates from "bloody instructions," the people clutch the weapons next their hands, wherewith to strike down the oppressor. They have not yet learned to trust the soul and the truth; they have not yet faith to rise into celestial orbits, into those great circle truths which enfold all nations and all ages, as the sky the earth. Men say, "Your idea is right; the human soul is adequate to its functions; the reign of Reason and Love is the ideal of democratic, Christian civilization; but the world is not ready for it yet." That is, it was rash in Copernicus, on discovering the true theory of astronomy, to transfer the centre of observation at once to the sun; he should have stopped a few centuries on the way at Mars. The divine martyrdom of Calvary, the love doctrine of Jesus, was a mistake. He should have enlisted a regiment of Zouaves in Jerusalem, and marched against Pilate and Nero. Your model Christians preach Jesus and practice Joshua; and in this terrific sweep of unionism, that takes the sturdiest reformers off their feet, I must put most of the "infidels" and "fanatics" into the same category.

Christendom has not yet begun to fathom the ethics of the Cross in respect of humanity. The word "War" sticks like a barbed hook in the throat of every discourse from this desk.

They tell us that the war principle is horrid; its only moral light flashes from the sword; it "repeals all the commandments," casts away all the anchors of Religion, to drift darkly before the most irresponsible and vindictive of the human passions. *I believe it;* nor am I able to separate the sin from the sinner, the evil from its causes. Viewed from the plane of absolute truth, in the last analysis (I weigh my words, and mean every letter), the life-taking doctrine (the life-giving doctrine is its antipodes), the war principle, is a horrid immorality; fashionable, constitutional, orthodox murder. A virtuous war is as impossible as a truthful lie, for the right to life is the basis of all other rights. Where there is no life, there can be no liberty, no law, no humanity, no religion. This theory, however, does not (as Dr. Solger, a few weeks ago, from this desk, ably, though erroneously, argued) make mere animal life ultimate; it makes the human soul ultimate. Instead of marching against Jerusalem and Rome with murderous weapons, it goes to Calvary, and wins the world.

I do not use these words "Cross" and "Calvary," because they are catch-words of conservatism, just now, in Christendom; but because they stand for the highest inspirations of the human soul yet incarnated upon earth. Their essence is quite as unpopular now as in the days of Jesus; and no man is worthy to take the name of the beloved Nazarene into his lips, who has not a Sinai and Calvary of his own.

I know it is great cause for distrusting one's own opinion, to differ from our Demosthenes; but I cannot agree with Mr. Phillips when he says, that such a contest as this can be settled only by arms. As I revere his peerless intellect and unrivalled eloquence, his Spartan heroism and divine integrity, I most gravely dissent from that fatal concession. It denies the adequacy of the human reason to apprehend and obey the truth; severs Democracy, not only, but Protestantism, from its only living root; degrades that sublime moral struggle in which this greatest of living orators has borne a preëminent and immortal part, which alone has educated the North into the moral purpose of unifying this Republic in favor of freedom, instead of in favor of slavery, and which yet, under God, is to ride this whirlwind and direct this storm to universal emancipation. I know the cloud is heavy upon us, black with ruin; but the "heaven-tipped virtue" of abolitionism would have cast all its bolts harmless into the earth, if the nation had but obeyed its higher instincts. By the faith of the Nazarene, by the universal consciousness of the race, I never will subscribe to that theory of depravity which despairs of human redemption. The music of the spheres is echoed in the shell under the leaden sea; the sky loves to be mirrored in the most democratic puddle of the streets; so, underneath this burden of social evil, there is always a moral response, which, if trusted, will become the diapason of universal melody.

It is very convenient to say, We are all right, and the South is all wrong. It is not so. The North is responsible for this state of things in the country, as well as the South. It is because we have supported the system of slavery, that it has risen to such gigantic proportions that now it strives to drag down the pillars of heaven. You cannot thus baptize yourselves into an imaginary faith in an imaginary God of Battles. Oh, no! The Christian God was always an abolitionist, always the "Prince of Peace."

The only theory, then, that can explain, or in any reasonable manner justify, this war, is the retribution theory. Retribution upon the North for seventy years complicity with slavery; retribution upon the South for attempting to build a State on immorality, infidelity and atheism. But I do not propose to discuss the abstract question of peace this morning. Men have not the vision or self-poise to weigh its tremendous issues amid the smoke of battle and the roar of cannon. I fear, indeed, that, were I to apply the absolute method to this discussion, which makes this pulpit the Plymouth Rock of a new civilization—were I to hew to the line, even you would not relish all the chips that might fly in your faces. There are thunderbolts in the quiver of truth for war as well as for slavery; *but they will keep.* "Time makes more converts than reason." When Non-Resistance is respectable as well as true, it will be clear as sunlight, and everybody will have always believed in it. My confidence in its present efficiency and ultimate triumph daily gains root and strength; and I know of no higher, braver, more beneficent or practical service to truth and humanity, than now and forever to fight under the celestial flag.

But yet, in Irish phrase, I am for a peaceable fight; for every man obeying his highest impulses of duty, and using the best weapons to which his hands are consecrated. Let us have no hypocrites. My issue is not with the leaf, with the twig, but with the root. Not so much with Niagara in the rapids, as at the source. If it is your religious duty to leap from a precipice and try to stop half way down, I will risk the law of gravitation. You will not break that, but that may break you.

I do not forget, however, that this age believes religiously in bullets; that every existing government and Church is founded on force—the sword its ultimate appeal. Then let those agencies be consecrated to the highest moral purpose of which they are capable. If it is a man's religious duty to vote under this government, it is his religious duty now to second his ballot with bullets. These rebel slaveholders are traitors to human nature, as well as to the Union; strike at the liberty of the race, as well as at the heart of the Republic; and Mr. Lincoln, as President, is bound to give them "Hail Columbia" (applause). For, honestly President (it seems odd to have an honest President once, does it not?), religiously believing in the necessity of such a government as this, he is bound to stand by his oath, the honor of his party, and the integrity of the government, or resign and go up to Garrison's position; and if, to do this, he were obliged to send every slaveholder in the land to that safest of all prisons, the grave, the public sentiment of the age would support him (applause). This secession is utterly without excuse, and for the basest of purposes—high treason to justice and liberty, and a damnable insult to the heroes of '76 (applause). South Carolina never had a government. The "sovereign State" which is making so much ado, is only piracy in white kids and patent-leather, plus the bloodhound for a constable. Her first government will have the consent of black faces, not of black hearts only. This Federal government is not a gingerbread compact, to be toppled by a whim; it is the consolidated popular heart; it is a confederacy of the people, by the people, for the people, and dissolvable only by common consent. Granting your premises, voters, I would swear to every word of Webster in the Hayne debate, for that argument yet remains the Gibraltar of union.

A word upon the peace method. The American Peace Society does not represent it. They are inspired by a noble impulse, but are not anchored in any definite idea or purpose. They "see men as trees walking." They believe in peace, except when there is war. They have not learned of St. James yet, that purity, by repentance and reformation, is the only path to peace. Hence they endorse the establishment, with all popular crimes and respectable iniquity, smother volcanoes, and call *that* peace. I would not utter a word of discouraging criticism upon humane and generous efforts; but those gentlemen must have the compass of principle, and faith to launch, if they would reach the desired haven. The only possible peace method, in a contest like this, is illustrated in this thirty years' war of abolitionism, as conducted by its eternally belligerent pioneer—the very Achilles of moral fighters. The peace method is not an acquiescent, hat-in-hand, begging policy, but a moral revolt, whose earthquake tread shakes the planet—a denunciation of oppressors and all their accomplices—"whose every word draws blood." Slavery is not peace. Samuel Hoar, kicked out of Charleston is not peace. Your court-house in chains is not peace. Sumner bleeding in the Senate is not peace. John Brown "justly hung" is not peace. Jeff. Davis, President of rebels in rags and rebels in ruffles, commander-in-chief of all the pirates, who did *not* take Washington, is not peace (applause). Oh, no, Mr. Burritt! This nation has sown the wind, and it must reap the whirlwind. It has sown fire and gunpowder, and it must reap explosion. Peace will come either by love or blood, by light or lightning. It will come only by the removal of the *cause* of war. It will come by Northern freemen pouring out their blood in glad atonement for seventy years of injustice to the slave. It will come by confederate armies swept like autumn leaves before the sublime wrath of the North. It will come by Davis, Wigfall, Toombs, Rhett and Wise dropping to hell from the same halter whence John Brown rose to heaven (loud applause). It will come by Garrison "ascending to the right hand of God, with four million broken fetters in his hand," as proof that America had a conscience. Our great pioneer will live to see his anti-slavery purpose accomplished. The world will not come up with his peace principle for some ages yet. But "let the galled jade wince, *his* withers are unwrung." He has launched and lived his idea; he has solved the riddle, and, like Kepler, he can "afford to wait centuries for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer."

This war—it is only a cutaneous eruption of the hidden disease of our body politic. We have had peace in the shell, but war in the egg. *Causa latet, vis est notissima*—The cause is latent, the effect notorious enough. For seventy years, this nation has been organized war upon the black man—a conspiracy against his rights. When John Adams came home to his wife from the Constitutional Convention, the irrepressible justice of woman's heart exclaimed, "You have asserted your own rights, but you have enslaved the blacks." When Jeff. Davis spoke in Faneuil Hall, and waltzed with the beauty of New England, he was as really a pirate as now, for every thread of his garments was the stolen earnings of the slave (applause). The fault of New England, the fault of the North is, that they did not know that slavery was piracy just as much when it robbed the black as now when it robs the white. Hence the negro, for six generations, has been the victim of our civilization. In the temple of Neptune, the tablets of those who were drowned were not hung up. At present, the North, who have been accomplices of the slaveholder against the slave, are in a death-grapple with him, and of course the slave, with his friends, is jubilant. "When rogues fall out, honest men come to their own." This is the reason why this hall shook with enthusiasm when, two months ago, our great orator blew that martial blast with which the empire still rings from side to side. This is why I hope that this roll of Federal drums, crossing the continent with the morning light, will yet end in the grand chorus of the negro's redemption (applause).

War, however, has already outgeneralled politics. I do not forget the drastic energy with which moral agitation, through or over politics (mainly over), has wrought for this cause. Eighty years ago, the anti-slavery enterprise was Clarkson, a college student riding home from Cambridge on horseback. It has now revolutionized the globe, by the omnipotence of the religious sentiment alone; against the Church, against the government, against the money power, against the popular prejudice. In this country, it has come up through great tribulation. Thirty years ago, the slave system was entrenched in all the strongholds that command the public mind—the pulpit, the press, the Senate, the seats of learning. Oh, how many years this enterprise went up and down among these steepled tombs, asking aid for the slave, "its head filled with dew, its locks wet with the drops of the night"! It knocked at the door of Bowdoin street church, and the electric brain and bugle lips which God lent the elder Beecher answered—"Too many irons in the fire already: came to Boston to put down Unitarianism." It knocked at the Old South, and the pulpit, still sacred with the foot-prints of Warren, answered, "Away, infidel philanthropy"! It knocked at the church upon the Green, and one who claims to speak in the faith of the sainted Channing replied, "I would deliver my own mother to the fangs of the slavehound." But we can afford to forget it all, and, treading reverently back, cover this shameless deformity; for the Old South, again true to its earlier heroism, now sways under the eloquence of Manning; tyrants from ocean to ocean cower before the hurtling bolts of Plymouth church; whilst the greatest of Unitarians, with whom, as that of Rome with Tully, "this eloquent air still breathes and burns," the modern Luther, within sight of the flying legions of Austria, ascends from the banks of the Arno, and Parker is immortal with freedom in Europe and America (loud applause).

In 1836, Governor Everett would have made a meeting like this a penal offence. Now, it would take a prison of all out-doors to hold us. The last argument against life-insurance is, that all the North have become Abolitionists, and Abolitionists never die. Governor Everett's successor ascends to the Capitol over the prostrate forms of Cushings and kidnappers, and first wins a national reputation by the brave sentiment, "John Brown was right." In '37, anti-slavery fell under the deadly aim of pro-slavery hate at Alton. Now, Lovejoy rises in a redeemed West, and sends to the Capital the noblest and truest President since Washington (applause).

Neither do I forget the indirect agency of politics in a reform like this. It was at the vision of the "fail-splitter"—Birnam-wood to Dunsinane"—approaching the Capital, that South Carolina leaped from the Federal battlements into the flaming lake of disunion. It was brave Free Soilers in Massachusetts that gave us the Personal Liberty bill. It was John A. Andrew, using Caleb Cushing for a block, who chopped off the head of Judge Loring (applause).

Grant all this indirect service, still, politics, as such, has been an utter failure in this cause. You commenced with Washington, as President, six hundred thousand slaves, and the national domain dedicated to freedom; you fell to Buchanan, the Dred Scott decision, four million of slaves, and, as Mr. Seward concedes, the Federal eagle going forth everywhere bearing chains, and not the olive-branch, in his talons. The Republican party fought its way to the Capitol on the Free Soil doctrine. Its first act, on arriving there, was to organize the territories without the guarantee of freedom, so that Mr. Wilmot entered one door of Congress just in season to see his Proviso flying from the other. If Mr. Lincoln had been allowed to carry on this government, he would now be returning fugitives, putting down insurrections, and hanging John Browns. He promised to do it, and he is a man of his word.

Now let war try its hand! Since last November, we have lived a century. The man who was the South-side candidate for Governor of this State, Gen. Butler, is now chief conductor on the Underground Railroad (applause). Massachusetts soldiers in Fortress Monroe hymn the praises of "old John Brown." The American Anti-Slavery Society, temporarily reclining upon its shield, witnesses the grand spectacle of 250,000 freemen in one embattled emancipation Society, marching Southward. It is "all up" with the Bell-Everetts; for everybody is a "Wide-awake" now (applause); while booming cannon bring to the surface of our sea the dead carcasses of Halletts, Winthrops, Cushings, Everetts, mission boards, tract societies, and doctors of divinity, to protest that they "still live," and out-Garrison Garrison in execrating slaveholders. Surely, it is a blessed gain to see this rotten politics, and a Church "dead in tresspasses and sins," hurled against the bastile of the South. Before mitre, give us nitre; before St. Peter, saltpetre. They said the Abolitionists did not pray, were not devotional. Well, they have been helping the Lord answer the prayers of the Church, and have they not done splendidly?

But do not let these hallelujahs take you off your feet. We are not yet out of the woods. The government still clings to the shade of the old Union. *The Tribune*, the most courageous and powerful of our partisan press, the Napoleon of this gigantic struggle, still adheres to its policy of forgetting the negro, and daily assures posterity that we shall not be guilty of a disinterested motive in this matter. Mr. Seward, hat in hand, "with bated breath and whispered humbleness," begs Miss Secession to return to more tender Federal embraces. Strange to say, the hope of freedom is yet in slavery—in the madness of the South. The maxim of the ancients yet holds true—"Evil is good in the making"; and South Carolina continues to be the most efficient agent the Anti-Slavery Society ever employed. Still, "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." A higher prescience presides at this checker-board. This thirty years' struggle marshals the nation now, first, into those who think slavery an evil to be girdled with non-extension—represented by the Republican party, and the framers of the government; secondly, those who think slavery a benefit, the corner-stone and capital of republican liberty—fathered by Mr. Calhoun, the Aristotle of the slave philosophy, the Richelieu of the South, whose dead hand clutched those cotton stars from the Federal firmament; thirdly, those who think slavery a sin and a crime, to be immediately put away—represented by the slaves and all whose hearts are bound with them. Three parties—the tolerationists, the extensionists, and the extinctionists. The first vanishing into the second and third, now necessitates the final classification of slavery everywhere or slavery nowhere. Fortunately, the government, with all the rallying words of conservatism, "Union," "Constitution," "the supremacy of the laws," ranging on the side of the latter—the extinctionists—now fronts the enemies of the Republic. Of these, there are two classes. First, the slaves; naturally chronic rebels against all constitutional and unconstitutional servitude—in the Roman maxim, "As many slaves, so many enemies"; secondly, the slaveholders, now in defiant revolt. The government can subdue these only by emancipating the former from their chains and the latter from their insolence and tyranny, or, by the adoption of the prophetic '42 doctrine of John Quincy Adams, settle this question by the war power under the Constitution, in removing the cause of the disturbance, slavery.

Mark one thing! At this point, by all constitutional law, not less than by the justice of nature and history, to the government there are no slaves to-day in the insurgent States. They have trodden the Constitution under foot, with its pro-slavery compromises; and if the Administration proceeds to receive them on the basis of the old Union, it will not only be bargaining with rebels and pirates, but with newly constituted slaveholders. Now, holding the government by virtue of the non-extension doctrine, how will you, Republicans, account to the conscience of the North, if you receive this new batch of slave States into the Union? If you are not degenerate sons, you will seize this opportunity, and let the same spirit—property or no property—that dumped the British tea in yonder harbor now bury slavery so deep that no trump of resurrection shall ever reach it (applause).

If, however, this war should terminate now, these results are irreversible: First, the Slave Power is broken. Jeff. Davis can never go from the Rogues' Gallery in New York to his seat in the Senate, whether his head secedes from his shoulders or not. Second, slavery stands revealed. Thirty years ago, from that garret in Congress street, Garrison labelled it PIRACY; the North now responds, "Amen." Third, the North is emancipated from "complimentary flunkyism." No more slavehound Masons on Bunker Hill! (Applause.) No more Anthony Burnses carried down State street through Federal bayonets! (Applause.) No more John Browns "justly hung"! (Applause.) Why, Dr. Spring now will be able to repeat the Lord's Prayer without choking, and Dr. Dewey will return to his first love of his mother. There will result, also, a deeper and wider sympathy with the bondmen, a chronic, deadly hatred of slavery everywhere, and a fixed determination with all parties to rebuild the republic on the only enduring basis of "No Union with Slaveholders." Certainly, that is gain enough for one six months.

Yet the most hopeful aspect of this cause now is in its unmanageableness. It has gone beyond the control of sects and parties. Once flouted as an abstraction, it is now an earthquake under the Capital. As in the French Revolution, the magnates of Church and State, failing utterly to fathom the issue, now stand appalled before its gigantic and darkening proportions. But "man's extremity is God's opportunity." "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of cl" says the English maxim. Men fail, mankind triumph. Nature now tries her hand. These statesmen, theologians, scholars, in silk stockings and velvet slips, strut their hour, till some farmer, printer, cobbler, or rail-splitter comes up, and, by the very wind of his stroke, sweeps the board. Behold your cause now carried from mission-boards and Supreme Courts up to the eternal moral sense of the people. Abolitionists were "disorganizers," "fanatics"; but the hour is at hand, its dawn already whitens dome and spire and hill-top, when the dullest conservative will see that his own rights are bound indissolubly with those claimed for the slave; that the black babe born into chains in the Carolinas, last night, imperils the safety of every Beacon street cradle; when *The Courier* will go down on its knees in gratitude to *The Liberator*, and Caleb Cushing and Richard S. Fay, "clothed in their right minds," will joyfully sit at the feet of Wendell Phillips (applause).

The only party that can succeed in this matter is the one that plants itself on human nature, and stands for liberty to the black man. As in the Persian poet, a single sigh may overturn the world; as in the philosophy of the New Testament, God always incarnates himself in "the little ones" and the despised, to redeem the age, we have trampled on the negro, and he has ruled us. The proscribed rules the proscribing class. It is the negro who has sundered Churches and tract societies, raised and ruined parties, made and unmade Presidents, worked and wrecked the government. He marshals these opposing armies, cabinets, confederacies. Why, Garrison, after all, is only the negro's Secretary of State, and Phillips is his orator laureate. The reason Everett and Winthrop have dropped out of sight is because the negro has forgotten them. Every successful politician lives, moves, and has his being in the negro. Amidst your pride of statesmanship, of oratory, of letters, amidst your Websters, Clays, Everetts, Sewards, the negro has stood and ruled, because he alone stood for justice and liberty. The black shine of his countenance alone reflected the smile of Heaven. "Pharaoh sits upon the throne, but Joseph is governor over all of Egypt" (applause).

This Union has not succeeded, because it has undertaken to countervail justice; and I warn you not to expect Mr. Lincoln to succeed, unless he changes his policy. It is an effort to unite Paradise and Perdition. You know Satan tried that, and, according to Milton, the last we heard of him he seceded, neck and heels, over the battlements of Heaven down to South Carolina (applause). Well, he is trying it once more, and I don't think he will succeed, even if he has Mr. Seward to help him.

This Union has dwarfed and demoralized all your ablest men. Seward upon the prairies was a Titan; under the low roof of the Senate, he was Tom Thumb. One large-hearted Pillsbury, planting moral earthquakes all over the West, is worth acres of politicians, whose goal is political distinction at the Capital. If you want to take the kinks out of an awkward man, let him walk under a high ceiling. Treat politicians in the same way.

Take Mr. Seward. You remember his speech in January. We expected great things. It was a great man, on a great occasion. Treason springing its mines at his very feet; one-half the States bristling with rebellion; the "columns of the Republic falling in every direction"; thirty millions of people waiting for his word. It was the occasion of a century. What did we see? We looked for the renowned champion of the "higher law"; we looked for the man at whose word, in the Nebraska fight, the Republican party leapt from a million of Northern hearts; we looked for the Lord High Admiral of all the fleets of Liberty, in the "irrepressible conflict"; when, lo! a hod-carrier, bringing in a new load of the untempered mortar of compromise, wherewith to plaster the opening seams of this "glorious Union"! For what did he propose to betray the honor of his party and the rights of the North? For the Union? That was already broken! It was for thirty pieces of the Union. Do you think he intended to return fugitive slaves, to put down insurrections, to hang John Browns? I will not believe it. I do not think he is base enough. He would sink the continent first. But there are his promises. Say not I am harsh. In Junius's phrase, "I have not called his lordship a liar, only proved him one."

Take another case—the man who incarnates the heart of the Republican party; with a moral purpose moveless as the Alps; with a soul white as an angel's wing—Charles Sumner (applause). He proved, by an argument impregnable as Gibraltar, that slavery is five-fold barbarism; and then admitted, in a subsequent speech, that the Slave Oligarchy is recognized by the Constitution, and that it can remain in the government as long as it chooses. So he stood there in the Senate with Garrison in one hand and South Carolina in the other, trying to make them love each other. He might as well attempt to wed Patmos to Babylon, Gabriel to Jezebel. It was the experiment of a bachelor, who does not understand political match-making (laughter). It is no joke. The satire of the picture is in its truth. I do not stoop to ridicule. I would not use it upon the purest man that ever represented New England in Congress, upon the heaviest brain of the Empire State. You essay an impossibility; for, assuredly, where the intellect of Webster, the eloquence of Clay, the statesmanship of Seward, the scholarship of Everett, and the conscience of Sumner could not succeed, the gods themselves must fail (applause). If you mean those plaudits, quit compromise, and either ascend to the heaven-lit plane of Garrison, and allow slavery, whelmed under its own falling ruins, to drop to the pit, or, religiously believing in the popular method, carry Bunker Hill to the Gulf of Mexico (applause).

There are many other things that crowd to the lips of an occasion like this, to get themselves spoken, but yonder hand nears the zenith. We will only adjourn, however. Many of you will assemble at Framingham on Thursday. Others, with Harvard College, *The Courier*, and Mayor Wightman—all now zealous agents of the Anti-Slavery Society—will continue the meeting here. Meanwhile, and ever more, you will possess your souls in patience. This is not anarchy; it is not retrogression. Never was Liberty so loveable, self-fixed and defiant. Never was Slavery so hated and desperate. Upon this opening of the sixth seal, upon this apocalypse of our history, brea

Our Boston Correspondence.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE SUMMARY.—Peace when there is no peace—The whispers of the parties—Our unanimity unbroken—A minority disposed of—How Dr. Holmes's lessons are perverted—The beatitude of the brute—Saint Paul upon Bishops—Sanitary insanity—Dr. Lewis approved—What Æschylus thought of "physical development!"—The Atlantic Monthly—Our best wishes for the ex-editor—What the magazine is, and is not—The conclusion of the whole matter.

BOSTON, July 1st, 1861.

THE symptoms of reaction from the enthusiastic war spirit are less discernible than when I wrote you last week. Indeed, it would require the most delicate tests known to political chemistry to obtain a slight residuum of peaceful intentions from analyzing a whole streetful of us. Some days ago there existed a faint disposition to pause and consider whether the emphatic and splendid assumption of self-mastership by the Northern States, and the consequent exposure of the antagonistic barbarism which sought our subjection, were not the vital victories of the campaign—whether these were not the real triumphs for which Te Deums should be pealed and fireworks lighted? But the whispers of parties in other cities, and perhaps of individuals in our own, who proposed peace by succumbing to insurrection and slavery, drove us back from the abyss where our steps loitered, and rebraced the unanimity for war as the only choice and refuge. There seems no likelihood that the conscience and intellect of New England will be again asphyxiated by the deadly fumes of a slavery compromise. Of course, we have a small class of men who seem incapable of growth, having reached long ago the limit of their moral possibilities. But soon every new faith makes for itself a machinery which catches up all loose threads like these, and weaves them, if not into itself, into the colored mythology which represents it to the world, and which is an effective, though terrestrial, agent for its final triumph over men. Perhaps this last figure is a little too elaborate for the regulation uniform of newspaper correspondence. Indeed, on rereading, it has a twang as of Buckle himself. Borrowed? Upon my word, I think not; at all events, I can't say from whom—so you may take out a copyright.

There has been one singular change in topics of conversation and thought here in Boston, for which the war is only slightly responsible. Physical literature seems to be chiefly read, and physical feats are alone thought worth celebrating. *Dr. Lewis's New Gymnastics* and *The Sanitarium* are regular journals of apparent patronage and profit. I suppose the publishers of Young's Night Thoughts, The Sorrows of Werther, and Mr. Smith's Life Dramas must, by this time, be on the verge of ruin, and are praying for a general dyspepsia, as the farmers petition for rain upon their crops. Wise men, however, occupy a mild and conservative position with respect to this muscular madness which has bitten the community. No doubt there are great truths in the lessons Dr. Holmes, Mr. Higginson, and others have been at the pains of giving us. Or, rather, there are great *half-truths;* which disciples, a little lower down, expand into very whole errors. The last doctrine amounts to this, Seek ye first the perfection of brute vitality, and the Kingdom of God, if such a matter exists, shall be added unto you. Some of the professors of this religion know much better than Saint Paul what is wanted to make a good bishop. The apostle thought it important that that functionary should be sober, and the husband of one wife. "Very minor virtues" is the cry; "let him lift his thousand pounds, and turn a double somerset, and he shall be installed in a twinkling! Comte and Feuerbach have stript us of everything but our bodies, let us make the best of the leavings!" Doctrines not unlike these may be deduced (I do not say with justice to the authors) from homilies by various prelates of the faith, and they are certainly baldly promulgated by some of the laity. Alas, I have known people get quite as fussy and morbid over dumb-bells and shoulder-braces as over Dr. Cumming's prophecies or the Westminster Catechism. A man's heart may be desperately wicked, though his appetite is uncommonly good, and there are gripes of conscience not to be relieved by motopathic application to the bowels. Away with this deification of sinews! The highest life, whether of philanthropist, scholar, or Christian, must come through a sacrifice of the extreme bodily vigor possible to man. Dr. Channing made a much better use of his body than if he had devoted it to snuffing after oxygen and straining at flour barrels. I suppose Howard broke several "sanitary laws" in going through the prisons of Europe, and might possibly have had better lungs had he spent his life in training for boat races, and blowing into a spirometer. Flippant, do you say? Nothing like the flippancy it answers! Are the best gymnasts, boxers, oarsmen of a college class ever heard of as anything else? Call up then men of your acquaintance who have made bodily training a speciality, and have greatly excelled in athletic feats—are these the men who lead the thought of the time or constitute the moral force of the country? Of course an acquaintance with certain natural laws is of profound importance. But the point I urge is that each man has a certain amount of pluck, vital energy, or whatever you may choose to call it, and this he may expend either in physical or mental work. And I would not have the muscle-men scoff because their brother of clerkly pursuits prefers to spend his share of the inheritance in living temperately and at low pressure, for internal instead of external development. What has been said does not apply to Dr. Lewis's system of gymnastics, which are very moderate and sensible; though I do not conceive even these to be the whole end of man upon earth. But the arrogant and ignorant assumptions of many of the craft show that the Greek knew what he was about, when he sent Strength and Force to assist at the binding of the fire-stealing Prometheus.

The Atlantic Monthly for July, as you have probably found out by this time, is very readable. Mr. Lowell retires from the editorship, and the newspapers are hoping that he will now write furiously for every number. I trust he will do nothing of the sort. He at present enjoys the distinction of being our only *belles-lettres* writer of acknowledged repute who has shown no symptoms of writing out. Of course a man who has got up his name is under great temptation to dissolve the same into profitable suds for the magazines. But it is to be hoped that Mr. Lowell can command the time and labor *to write little.* In most of his political essays in *The Atlantic* he has shown no signs of falter ing from the force and concentration of his anti-slavery poems and Biglow papers. They have just found him out in England, and his popularity at home is, in consequence, greatly augmented. If he finds means to resist the American fashion of running to seed in magazine serials and illustrated annuals, he may take the representative name in our present literature. Those who should be well informed tell me *The Atlantic* will suffer nothing under other guidance. There are several reasons that will occur to you why a brilliant writer is not always the best editor. The magazine has been pecuniarily and æsthetically successful; but has never for an instant assumed that Power in the State which was hoped for it in the beginning. So long as the names of the writers of every political or critical article are announced in the newspapers or on the cover, their opinions go for just what that man thinks, and no more. The eventful years in which it has lived have been full of occasions when an impersonality would have been invaluable. Take the first instance that occurs to me; Theodore Parker dies, a man, however judged, of influence and interest. An admirable estimate of him appears in *The Atlantic;* a judicial summing up, perhaps, at its close. Instead of being allowed to suppose that the editorial *we* may represent an impartial jury of which Bishop Eastburn was foreman, and Mr. Bowen the rest of it, the public are carefully informed that one Mr. Higginson of Worcester is he who roars so ably in the lion's skin. Now though you and I might be all the more interested in an article from knowing that this gentleman wrote it, it must be remembered that to nine-tenths of the fellow-citizens one meets in churches and horse-cars, he is a desperate fanatic in the same theological pew with the strong iconoclast he discusses, and has several personal reasons for desiring his canonization. This is merely an illustration by the way—in political matters it could of course be carried much farther. It is not that the style of an article ever need betray a writer who makes the slight effort to conceal his identity. The trouble is that American periodicals cannot pay well enough to buy absolutely an author's work. It is not the five dollars a page that pays for the best essays; but the notoriety which brings a demand from other publishers for other essays, and from lyceum committees for lectures. This must for the present prevent any impersonal power like the English *Times* or *Blackwood* from taking root among us. The dear public must always be admitted to the stage-box, whence is plainly visible the gentleman in his shirt-sleeves who rattles the tin thunder, and phizzes the gun-cotton lightning at proper intervals. At times one thinks the famous winking picture is really on exhibition; but it turns out to be only a transparency, where the brother who pulls the string is as clearly discernible as he who takes the sixpence for showing it.

* * X.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, July 1, 1861.

THE papers have been full of a pretended scheme of peace and compromise, and without any reasonable foundation for the sensation rumors on this subject which they have published. The story was started by the New York *World*, either at the office or by one of their correspondents in Washington. The news was published in the shape of a letter from the National Capital. It was made out of nothing; in other words, was purely a sensation rumor published for effect. The other journals eagerly caught up the story, and ever since some of our ablest journals have been fighting a man of straw. This was doubtless one object of the person who manufactured the falsehood. Make a noise over it, get the public familiar with the idea of compromise, and impress upon the rebels and upon foreign nations the idea that the North is divided on the question of prosecuting the war. Sagacious men at the South and in Europe will be very apt to say, Why such agitation over the mention of the word peace, unless there is great danger that a peace policy will be adopted? And of course there is no danger of such a thing, unless there is a pretty strong peace party in the free States.

Now, after a thorough investigation of the whole matter, your correspondent is perfectly satisfied that nobody in the South has made any proposition looking to a compromise, and that not a single man of influence connected with the government favors such an idea. The most radical members of Congress have told me they fear no such result as a disgraceful compromise; indeed, they laugh at the idea. The sober consideration of the subject, by way of opposition, they believe, will do more harm than anything such knaves as Ben. Wood and Clement Vallandigham can say in its favor.

That we have plenty of men at the North who will welcome a premature peace, or any kind of a disgraceful compromise, no man can doubt—else why do such journals as *The Day Book*, *The News*, *The Journal of Commerce* and the Boston *Courier* live? Of course there are tories in the North, and in Congress, but not enough to alarm any lover of freedom and his country. They can do no harm, though they may make a great deal of noise. A week ago, and it seemed to me that there might be some danger from the insidious appeals of Crittenden for a compromise, but further talk with Republican Congressmen shows me that there is no danger for the present. Out of the entire Congress—both Houses included—there are not twenty men opposed to the war, and half of the twenty will not dare say so before the country. The worst man in the next Congress is Clement L. Vallandigham of Ohio. He is a thoroughbred knave—a natural scoundrel—who ought to be expelled instantly from the House of Representatives, if he tries to utter any of his treasonable sentiments for effect before the world outside. He is playing into the hands of the rebels, and intends, just as soon as the war is over, to take up his abode in Tennessee. He knows that slave territory is the proper soil for him to live upon, for he will suffocate in free air.

Mr. Crittenden will give the Republican and loyal Democrats some trouble, for such is his age and his past history that no one will like to oppose him with any degree of severity. He will have his say, of course, and that will be all. With a speech or two he will subside. It is possible that Burnett of Kentucky, and one or two of the Missouri members, will make a bitter opposition to the measures proposed for carrying on the war; but if they do, the previous question can be used upon them with good effect.

Some of the leading Republicans favor secret sessions for the purpose of putting down discussion, but it is doubtful if the people will be satisfied with secret legislation. This is a popular war—the people carry it on with their blood and their money, and they will scarcely like to have the legislation in reference to it covered up, hid, as if it were something of which the country would be ashamed.

If it were not that this is an extra session of Congress, there would be a very thorough discussion of the slavery question, as it is connected with the war, in both branches of Congress. As it is, this subject will be postponed till next winter. Sooner or later, the subject will come up, and the representatives of the people will have something to say of the policy of using our armies to put down slave insurrections, or of making slave-catchers of Northern troops.

Of course, I have to record another blunder or reverse this week by our troops. This seems to be our luck, or it is the result of incapacity in our officers. Why Captain Ward should undertake to erect a battery on Mathias Point, with only thirty-five men, I cannot understand. If the idea was his own, then he paid the penalty for rashness. If the Secretary of the Navy suggested it, then Mr. Welles is responsible for the death of a brave man. These little affairs, which always result in the defeat of Federal troops, discourage our men, for they lose confidence in their officers. Why should they not? Better far to forego the most of these feeble attempts to worry the enemy, and when we do strike, let the blow be hard enough to effect its object. We all know that the army which is advancing, which operates offensively, is more liable to these reverses, for the party attacked can set snares, pit-falls, masked batteries, and all manner of surprises for the invader. Let the rebels try an offensive movement, and they will discover their weakness. It is but fair, however, to give the rebels credit for immense activity in their schemes of defence. They certainly show a great deal of engineering and general military skill. If the Federal army were to be attacked over on Arlington Heights, it is my firm belief that they would not show such aptitude for defence as the rebels. Under equal circumstances, the Virginians would erect three masked batteries to our one. General Scott does not seem to care much for artillery—certainly not so much as Beauregard does. The real test of strength between the parties to this great contest will not come for six months yet. Next autumn and winter, when our troops can land in Charleston or New Orleans, and when the rebels must be prepared to resist an invasion at a hundred points—when their money is gone—when provisions are scarce—*then* will come the "bitter end" of their struggle for independence. If they can sustain themselves through it, of course they will triumph, and if they fail, the stars and stripes will once more float over Charleston and Mobile.

Mr. Russell, it is said, will soon be in Washington, to give the London *Times* his graphic descriptions of the extra session. There is a very bitter feeling against Russell in this region, not so much because he has said some flattering things of the South and of slaveholders, but for the very reason of his impartiality. This is foolish, for he should be impartial, and, as a correspondent of *The Times* travelling in the South, was expected to remain a neutral.

But anti-slavery men prefer a serious charge against Mr. Russell. No man has a right, in this age, to ignore religion and common morality. This Russell has done in his letters. In the midst of the most iniquitous system of human slavery the world ever saw, this correspondent of "the leading journal of Europe" has completely ignored the moral aspects of slavery. He has written of it as he might of a system of agriculture—of a cotton factory—or a battle-field—without the slightest hint that there is anything improper or wrong in the enslaving of men. Indeed, it is very evident, from the general tenor of his letters, that he does not look upon slavery as wrong, unless it be unprofitable. For this he should be ashamed, and the British public should hold him to account.

AVON.

PARKER PILLSBURY, says the Northampton (Mass.) *Free Press* of the 28th ult., spoke at Florence on Wednesday evening, with great eloquence, to an attentive audience. The speaker, in his masterly and searching lecture, gave his ideas of the present crisis, the causes of our troubles, the character of the various leaders, military and civil, now on the stage, and came to the conclusion that *no man for the hour has yet appeared.* He stated that Congress would meet next week, and if no one appeared there fitted for the crisis, he would call for a Cromwell to lead our hosts and carry out what the masses of the people demanded—a proclamation of "liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

THE HOUR WITHOUT THE MAN.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

FOR every grand achievement there must come the Hour and the Man. Without both, nothing need be expected.

To us, as a nation, an hour big, apparently, with stupendous events has arrived, but where is the man? The resources of nature and of God have been exhausted on this country, as if to begin here the world's millennium. And now an hour has come to perform the sublimest, divinest act of honor, justice and humanity, that ever blest and illumined the race of man; and the illustrious opportunity seems likely to be lost, because no man in Church or State, army or navy, is capable of its comprehension, even, still less of its consummation.

Throughout the North, slavery is the admitted cause of all our present calamity. It has long been the nation's crime; it is now the nation's curse! For thirty years the Abolitionists have demanded its extermination, *as a sin.* For thirty years the Church has demanded its extension and continuance, *as a divine appointment!* and the extermination of anti-slavery instead, *as of the devil.* To-day the verdict of the North is, that the Abolitionists have been right, wholly, on the question, and the Church wholly wrong.

Slavery thus condemned, what would sound statesmanship, and a genuine religion dictate in regard to it? What but its immediate and entire overthrow?

And now for my main inquiry: Where is the man, in State or Church, ready to assume the responsibility of drowning it forever and ever in the billows of a now wakening and righteous indignation?

Senator Sumner declared slavery "a five-headed barbarism!" Its effect on the slaveholders' character, as now revealed, adds the avoirdupois of all the mountains to the argument of Mr. Sumner. At last, the South demands by the bayonet and bullet what it could not obtain by the ballot; and her butcheries and barbarisms are such

"As well might shame extremest hell!"

And the North has taken the field, as it charitably pretends, to teach the slaveholders that their true interest, as slaveholders, is *in the Union*, rather than out of it. The South has openly declared that it wars *for slavery.* The North, instead of accepting that as the issue, declares, *it wars only for the Union;* and that slavery shall hereafter receive every needful assurance and guarantee from the Federal government for its safety and security, its prosperity and perpetuity. It does all this, while admitting slavery to be the "five-headed barbarism" of Sumner, and the sum total of the "seven last (apocalyptic) plagues," as shown by the Abolitionists. It does all this, after Secretary Seward has declared slavery forever opposed to "*the Higher Law*"; and after he and President Lincoln have both asserted that between slavery and freedom there is an "irrepressible conflict." It does this, after Secretary Cameron has himself declared slavery the sole cause of this present imbroglio, which is challenging all his ability and defying all his army to face. It does this, knowing that slavery, in its *babyhood*, proved too powerful for President Washington, too subtle for Chief-Justice Jay; while now, the Presidency has *puckered* into Pierces and Buchanans, and such slimy sublimities as Roger Bacon Taney have crawled up into the ermine once adorned by a Jay and a Marshall? Slavery, meanwhile, has become mighty, to the conquering of all but the Omnipotent, and dares defy Him to the trial of His power?

Such is all that the President and his Cabinet in council, and armies in the field, promises or proposes as the result of the present fearful encounter. Not one of them, as yet, dares go farther. By word and deed, doing and not doing, they show how loyal, how faithful they are, and will be, to the foul divinity that has ruled them and their fathers.

The Hindoo mother, we are told, tosses her children to be devoured by the sacred crocodiles. But our government, by constitutional compromise, casts all the generations of its children, hitherto, into the merciless jaws of the dragon of slavery—Generals Butler and McClellan, at the head of their armed legions, are made to swear by the honor and the edge of their swords, that, within the Union, the stupendous sacrifice shall continue the same, "yesterday, to-day and forever."

Where, then, shall the *Man* be sought to circle the present *Hour* with rainbows of Millennial glory? For what avails the hour without the man?

More than the freedom of Africa is depending on the terrible decisions we may make to-day. The whole progress of civilization stays, nay, is turned backward in its course, before this mountain of myriad woes, still cursing the land. The problem of self-government among immortal men, of Churches unloaded by bishops, and States unburdened by kings, of society uncursed by tyrants temporal, or despots spiritual; all this, and more and greater, waits the decision now to be made up. The hour indeed has come, but where, great Heaven, where is the man?

Congress is assembling; but what can be expected of Congress more than the Cabinet and the army have produced? From "the sole of its foot even unto the head," it is covered all over "with the wounds and bruises and putrefying sores" of compromise. One noble deed for freedom it has never done, unless pushed (like Sysiphus rolling his rock) by the irresistible will of the people.

And so shall it be still. Left to itself, it will hasten us all to slavery. Already, the damning deed is on the way! If we are saved, it will only be by the sovereign will of the people themselves. Let them then appear, in right and might divine; and at the first sign of a compromising or temporising step, or sigh, or look, let them hurl from the seats of power, to death or disgrace, a body that thus proves itself, at such an hour, an insulting burlesque and mockery of the very name of government. For, if we must have slavery longer, let us have it under Davis, with his diabolism, open, red-mouthed and above board, rather than under Lincoln, with cowardice and compromise.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Cummington, Mass., June 29, 1861.

THE COMPROMISERS.—Some papers affect to doubt the truth of the report that Senators Bayard and Hunter were lately here on a secret mission of "peace" in behalf of the Southern traitors. The following paragraph from the Milford (Del.) *News and Advertiser*, wherein it appeared before the New York papers had made the announcement referred to, shows that Mr. Bayard has at least been at work at home in the interest of the Southern Confederacy:

JEFF. DAVIS'S AGENTS AT WORK IN THE LOYAL STATES.—The programme agreed upon when James A. Bayard was in Jeff. Davis's councils at Montgomery is now attempting to be carried out, not only by Bayard and his tools in Delaware, but emissaries of the Southern humbug Confederacy are at work to the same end all over the loyal States. Davis himself, in his recent letter to the Maryland Legislature, has given a fresh impetus to this new treachery against the government. In that letter he declares for "*peace!*" and Bayard and all the emissaries of the Southern rebellion in the loyal States now take up the cry to delude, if possible, the masses of the people into the belief that thieves, rogues, murderers and assassins are the best peace men in the world!

It is well for the country that the plans of these conspirators were so promptly exposed. The outburst of popular indignation thereby excited is an encouraging symptom of national health.

EDWARD GILBERT, Esq., delivered a discourse, on Sunday evening last, at the Church of the Puritans, upon "The Rights and Duties of the Government at the Present Crisis." It was a clear and cogent argument for the abolition of slavery, as the only measure that can afford a just and honorable solution of the national troubles, and lay a sure foundation for future peace and prosperity. Slavery being the cause and object of the rebellion, any peace that should not include its entire abolition must of necessity be treacherous and delusive. Mr. Gilbert showed that the power to give freedom to the slaves, if not distinctly conferred by the Constitution, is a necessary incident of the war, and such being the case, it is the solemn duty of the government, in the name and for the sake of the whole people, to exercise that power. Any hesitancy on this point would only aggravate all the difficulties of the case, and expose the life of the nation to new dangers and perils.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for July, contains the following articles: Our Orders; Agnes of Sorrento, continued; Sun-Painting and Sun-Sculpture; The London Workingmen's College; Emancipation in Russia; The Haunted Shanty; Rhotruda; Greek Lines; The Ordeal by Battle; The United States and Europe; Washington as a Camp; Between Spring and Summer; Ellsworth; Reviews and Literary Notices. The Number is a good one. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S SCRIPTURE COMMENTARY—II.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." No *sane man* will pretend that *neighbor* ever means *negro.* What! Can *such* a creature, with even the slightest African tinge, be neighbor to a *gentleman slaveholder?* IMPOSSIBLE! He "has no rights, which a white man is bound to respect."* To affirm, moreover, that "goods and chattels"† are *neighbors*, is as absurd as to affirm that they are *persons.*‡ This "second great commandment in the law," then, binds me to work my slaves, to the best advantage, for the benefit of myself and the two hundred and fifty thousand of my own race, who possess four million of the same kind of property.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." If my slaves run away or make insurrection, I would have others help me recover or subdue them. When other slaveholders need it, therefore, the "golden rule" requires me to render the same service to them. To say that, because I am unwilling to be a slave myself, or would fight or run away if I were, I am therefore bound to free my slaves, is simply absurd. Such is, indeed, the doctrine of Abolitionists; but it does not belong to our system of ethics, nor the divinity of Rev. N. Adams, D.D. Such "vague ideas"‖ of this precept have fanatics instilled into the *brains* of our "*chattels*," inducing them to abscond: and we have consequently been driven into a war with the old Confederacy!

"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee." Rather a *poser* to our common readers, it must be admitted! It is well our chattels cannot read, and are not allowed to learn; otherwise, they would be continually hunting up such passages as this, and give us a deal of trouble. One thing is certain, however: This prohibition must not be so construed as to conflict with the Fugitive Slave enactment. Daniel Webster is said to have been a Bible student, as well as the great expounder of the Constitution; and he would not have urged the "Compromise" of 1850, if it had conflicted with the ethics of God's Word. In revising the Constitution, however, it will be well to amend this passage of Scripture, by simply expunging the adverb. Then it will perfectly harmonize with our law, and be an imperative Fugitive Slave act of the Almighty. Indeed, it is evident to the critical student, that the adverb, by mistake of the translators, was inserted in the wrong verse. Let it be transferred to the verse following; and we have the Fugitive law just as it should read, corrected by the Legislator of heaven. "Thou shalt deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee: He shall not dwell with thee, even among you in that place which he shall choose in any one of thy gates, where it liketh him best; thou shalt oppress and send him back without delay."—[Deut. xxiii: 15, 16.] If this is not the correct rendering, no doubt the New York *Observer*, Dr. N. Adams, or, perhaps, Mr. Vandyke, can set us right.

"Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work."—[Jer. xvii: 13.] "Goods and chattels personal," *performing the labor*, are entitled to no wages; but if I use them, to build my house or for any other purpose, and do not render their *owner* a just compensation, I am obnoxious to this woe!

ALETHEIA.

* Taney. † Slave Code. ‡ Constitution. ‖ Ex-President Buchanan.

IT will be seen by our Philadelphia advertisements that our friends in that city have been making some important changes. The Anti-Slavery Office has been removed from the old stand, which it has occupied for over twenty years, in Fifth street, to 106 North-Tenth street; a more central location, and a place in some other respects more desirable. Wm. Still, for fourteen years the faithful Assistant in the office, has withdrawn, and gone into business on his own account. His list of references shows that he reckons as among his best friends those with whom he has been so long officially connected. If industry, integrity, capacity, and a host of friends are sufficient to ensure success, our friend Still will be sure not to fail.

CORRECTION.—In a short paragraph, copied by us last week from the Boston *Atlas and Bee*, Mrs. Mott was represented as having, in her address in Music Hall, counselled an "energetic" prosecution of the war. Of course, that epithet was not used by Mrs. Mott, who said nothing inconsistent with her oft-repeated and well-known sentiments in regard to peace.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, of Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, is a local agent of THE STANDARD, to receive payments from old or new subscribers.

Chronicles of the War.

THE past week has witnessed but one event of striking importance, viz: the arrest and imprisonment, first, of Mr. Kane, the Baltimore Marshal of Police, and afterwards of all the Police Commissioners, except the Mayor, who is a member of the Board *ex officio.* Upon Marshal Kane's person was found his commission as an officer of the rebel army, signed by Jeff. Davis, while his office, upon examination, was found to be an arsenal, full of implements of war. General Banks did not arrest these conspirators a moment too soon, for there is no doubt that their plans were all laid for an uprising of the secession portion of the inhabitants as soon as the movements of the rebel forces south of the Potomac should give them a hope of success. Baltimore is a perfect nest of treason, and the "pussy-cat" policy pursued toward the people since the departure of General Butler, and up to the time of this movement by General Banks, has been most mischievous. The prisoners are confined in Fort McHenry, and the implements of war that had been concealed in the Marshal's office are in the same place.

The force in and around Washington has been largely increased within the last few days, and the newspaper correspondents are quite sure that something very serious will happen shortly; and indeed there are indications that General Scott is about to make some important movement.

THE SOUTH-SIDE VIEW.

HOW INFORMATION IS CONVEYED.

The wife of a former clerk of prominence in the Post-Office Department here is the heroine of quite a story. Her husband resigned a few weeks after the inauguration of President Lincoln, and now holds a commission as one of the Assistants Postmaster-General of the rebel government. He left town, and his wife remained behind until about two weeks since, when she prepared to follow him. She procured passes, and knowing that her effects would be searched, she provided for this. Her trunks were examined. All was right, and she departed for Dixie's land; but, sewed within the folds of her under dress, she carried with her numerous dispatches, letters and drawings of our fortifications and positions, which, of course, she succeeded in delivering to the rebel authorities without trouble. Her friends here boast of this performance; and there are still left in Washington scores of females of like stamp, who are ready to decamp, in a similar way, and for similar purposes, who delight in thus furnishing aid and comfort to the enemy.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

REPORT OF A REFUGEE FROM THE SOUTH.

An old gentleman, named John E. Farrier, just one week from his residence, thirty miles from Mobile, Alabama, on the Bigbee River, called upon us yesterday for the purpose of relating some facts in regard to the present condition of affairs in that State. Mr. Farrier is a member of the Baptist Church, and has been a professing Christian for over twenty years. Aside from this, his gray hairs, honest face, and earnest manner, are sufficient guarantee of the truth of his statements, in presenting which we desire to state that we attach, perhaps, less importance to anonymous statements than is generally done, but those falling from this old man's lips carried with them the irresistible weight of truth itself.

Mr. Farrier was raised near Big Eagle Bridge, Scott County, Ky., and emigrated to Alabama over thirty-six years ago, where he has raised a family whom he left on his farm upon coming thither. He is in independent circumstances, yet his crops of corn, cotton, tobacco, etc, have always been raised by white labor, he holding slavery to be a curse. For this belief, and his practical adherence to it, he has been persecuted in divers ways for a length of time, but, with a determined will and steadiness of purpose, he has succeeded, even in his unpopular course, to place himself beyond pecuniary want of any kind.

The old gentleman states that in Mobile, which is swarming with soldiers, the greatest excitement prevails, and the very air is turgid with profanity.

The extremest hate rankles in every breast toward the North, which, with a braggart air, the chivalry feel confident they can easily whip. As Mr. Farrier left Mobile the soldiers had received orders from Jeff. Davis to be in readiness for an attack on Fort Pickens on the Fourth of July, after which, in the event of success, it is their avowed intention to push for Washington. This, of course, is given as the belief entertained in Mobile. Disorder and noise are the chief characteristics of the Confederate forces, so far as seen by our informant.

He says that the condition of the poor whites, and a great majority of the blacks, is terrible. Both are starving. The soldiers, notwithstanding their hatred of the North, begin to chafe under the Southern rule, and in many instances they have demanded their pay at the muzzle of the revolver. As a general thing, they are poorly provisioned and very badly cared for, but extravagantly "promise crammed."

A confederate officer told Mr. F. on the cars at Mobile, that fully six hundred soldiers are now on the sick list in Fort Morgan, at Mobile Point, and he believed that unless something was done to improve its hygienic condition, fully a thousand would be taken down during the week. The whole country is in arms up to the Kentucky line, and Jeff. Davis's spies, hired at $40 per month, are liberally distributed all over. One was on his way to Louisville with Mr. F. and it was his intention to visit Cincinnati, Pittsburg, and other Eastern points to New York, and to return home through Virginia.

As Mr. Farrier passed through Mississippi, the utmost consternation and terror prevailed among the Union people. If a man dared to declare a Union opinion or sentiment, it was the signal for his summary death. Numerous instances of this kind occur daily, as we have heard from other sources. It is a common practice to hunt down Union men with dogs, and kill them as such, at present in lower Mississippi.

Rev. Mr. Mobler, a Baptist minister, was driven out of his parish there, a few days before our informant left, and pursued by dogs, and only escaped being torn to pieces by flying to the swamps. This barbarity, unprecedented in Christian annals, is popularly regarded in Secessia as capital sport.

Thousands of slaveholders, to say nothing of the thousands of poor whites, are thirsting for the glad hour when the mighty arm of this glorious government shall be stretched out to their aid. Their constant hope and prayer is that the time of their deliverance may speedily come.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

"SABLE CLOUDS."

THE FIRST IOWA REGIMENT, after entering Missouri, sent back into slavery half a dozen fugitives who sought refuge in their camp. Shame on them!

MORE CONTRABANDS IN CAMP.—Two runaway slaves also came into the Connecticut encampment to-day (June 30) from Fairfax Court House. They did not relish the hard work and poor fare on the rebel entrenchments.—*Wash. Cor. Herald.*

CONTRABANDS AT FORT PICKENS.—They have two negroes at work in the fort that had escaped from the other side. They say that there are a great many more would like to run away if they could get the chance and were sure of not being sent back, as they state those that were recaptured have been killed.—*Cor. Herald.*

THE SLAVE AND HIS MASTER.—One of the bearers of a flag of truce who came to the village of Hampton, Va., lately, was Dr. Vaughan, formerly a practising physician in the place. As Capt. Vaughan rode up to his former residence, and dismounted, he remarked, as he closed the front gate, "It seems natural to shut that gate." Just at that moment the face of one of his slaves peered out from behind the tree with—

"How'd do, Massa?"

Captain Vaughan replied—"Very well, Jim; what are you doing here?"

"Dat's just what going for to ax you, Massa," was the cool response.

The captain then proceeded to ask a large number of questions, as if he considered his slave obliged to answer them. But "Jim" only grinned, and, fully aware of his "contraband" rights and protection on the other side the stream, had the impudence to reply very evasively.—*Cor. World.*

RESPECT FOR SOUTHERN PROPERTY.—The Baltimore *Patriot* states, as an evidence of the respect in which the rights of slaveholders are held, even by the officers who come from New England, that Colonel Burnside, of the Rhode Island Regiment, on the 22d inst., returned to Frederick two black men who had concealed themselves on the cars which conveyed his command to Washington. A sergeant was sent back with them, and left them in charge of the authorities of Frederick, by whom, upon examination, they were found to be free negroes who had taken that means to reach Washington. The leaders of secession and disunion know that this spirit which, against the feelings and convictions of the people about slavery, strictly respects the laws, is the prevalent spirit of the Northern people. But a vast number of their misguided followers have been taught to believe the reverse. Such instances, when known, will tend to disabuse them. The *Patriot* adds:

"This is certainly a very commendable movement on the part of Colonel Burnside, and is calculated to do much toward lessening the fears of those who imagine that one of the objects of the war is to interfere with the 'peculiar institution.'"—*World.*

THE SERVICES OF THE CONTRABANDS.—A letter in *The Tribune* gives an interesting account of the services performed by the runaway negroes at Fortress Monroe to the Northern troops. He thus sketches an every day scene: "Around the door of the General's office were grouped the morning instalment of negro fugitives—self-circulating 'contraband'—who had lost the charm of 'carry me back to old Wigginny,' and were seeking 'a new deal in the game of life,' within our lines. Here were seven of them, fine looking fellows, who stood with their backs planted against the side wall, like so many Egyptian columns, waiting to understand their fate. When the Aid-de-Camp of the General appeared, and glanced his eye rapidly over the lot, each showed his ivories in a broad grin, and two or three of them chuckled aloud, as if their exploit was really too good to keep. They were duly entered on the lists, and going off with increasing grins and chuckles, and reverential touches of the forehead, they were led to work. Some seven or eight hundred of these voluntary bondsmen have come in, and all of them are made to contribute to the defences of the place."

THE SLAVE POPULATION IN THE SOUTH.—A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Atlas* writes on June 17th: "A friend of mine arrived here to-day from Vicksburg, Miss., which place he left two weeks ago. He was compelled to take a very circuitous route, as the authorities peremptorily refused him a passage through Georgia and Virginia. Much uneasiness is beginning to be felt at the prospect of an uprising among the slaves. The plantation hands, especially, have a very correct general idea of the condition of the country, and open acts of revolt are by no means of rare occurrence. As an instance, he names the following: A planter, owning several hundred negroes, ordered three of them to do some trivial work; they grumbled, and finally said they would do it, but they needn't without they wanted to, as they could be *free* whenever they liked. In an instant the master drew his revolver, and shot one of them dead on the spot. The next day the master met the other two negroes just as he was coming out of his house. One of them deliberately aimed an old shot-gun at him, and in an instant he was a dead man. The negroes run off, and had eluded pursuit at the latest accounts. All the 'peculiar institution' seems to want is a *leader*, when a second St. Domingo massacre will be the inevitable consequence."

FLOATING AWAY FROM SLAVERY ON A PLANK!—*The Times* has a letter dated on board the United States flag ship Niagara, off Fort Pickens, June 17, from which we copy:

"Almost every night a negro or two escapes from the rebel ranks. They cross the bay on a plank, and generally report themselves at Fort Pickens—some wish to come on board the ships. Last night one was caught by the scouting party, secluded in the bushes on Santa Rosa Island. He says he had been there three weeks, living on berries and crabs, and the reason he did not report himself, was that several who had come over before him had been returned, and he was afraid he might be treated the same way. All that now come will be kept and put to work. After this fellow had eaten a hearty meal in camp, he said, 'Golly, if my bredren ober dere only knew dis, how quick dey would come.' He says that 'if he did not earn $20 a month for his master he whipped him severely. He could not do it, as there was no business going on, and concluded to make tracks. Provisions are becoming scarce, and very high—a poor man must either flee or starve.'"

THE CONTRABANDS AT FORTRESS MONROE.—The special correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, in a letter from Fortress Monroe, writes as follows about the negroes in that place: "The negroes who are standing about in squads, gave us low bows and gracious smiles. I had a brief conversation with a few of them. The principal of the Seminary had told me that the slaves did not want to be free—and I told him what he said. In every instance they are indignant at the suggestion. One fellow said with emphasis—'*I want to be for myself.*' I asked them if they expected to fight, and they did not seem to be disposed to do that. They said they did not understand fire arms. It is not easy to form a judgment whether there is much fighting material among them now, but it is quite likely to be called out by the events and inspirations of the war. On the night of the Bethel affair a squad of negroes were on their way to the fort, and inquired of our soldiers where the 'freedom fort' was. The negroes tell me that all along their masters have been very careful not to talk about political affairs in their presence. I asked them if they had known what was going on in the country. They said they had known something about it, but did not understand it very well. Poor fellows! they may be pardoned for not understanding passing events, when such men as Seward are bewildered by them. Many of our soldiers protest that they don't come to fight for niggers and they believe in slavery. But I find that in practice they treat the negroes as friends and their masters as enemies. I shall try to grow wiser about these contraband people, and will write you further about them."—*Boston Congregationalist.*

"LIVING EBONY."—*The Herald* has a letter dated on board the U. S. steamer Freeborn, Potomac river, June 24, from which this is an extract:

"We have a piece of living ebony on board the Freeborn. He says he belongs to Major Stoddart, of West Hadden, Maryland County, Md. He states that his master has two large farms, stocked with upwards of one hundred slaves, without counting in children. Moreover, the Major is a rank rebel, and wants all his man-servants to go over to Virginia to fight for the Southern Confederacy. Our piece of human property, however, does not seem to like fighting, especially in a cause not calculated to advance his own interest; so, when 'massa' made his very modest proposal to property, property most peremptorily declined being made 'food for powder' in such an unceremonious manner. At this 'massa' got particularly savage, and threatened to shoot property, or, still worse, to hang him. Now, as no man likes to be either hanged or shot, and this method of dealing with our ebony friend was something like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, he suddenly remembered he had a pair of legs, and, like Launcelot Gobbo, concluded that, in balancing between the promptings of the fiend, who suggested to him to run, and conscience, which urged him to stay, it was best, on the whole, to obey the fiend, who seemed to give the better counsel, and to run. And run he did, in a boat, which he abstracted from the beach, and went up the river, till brought up with a round turn by master's mate Ely, of the Dana, at Nangemoy, and Mr. Ely has handed him over to the Freeborn, where he is now engaged helping the cook. How he will be eventually disposed of remains to be seen.

"Since writing the above I have heard further particulars of the escape of our ebony friend, who, by the way, is not by any means as black as ebony

THE STANDARD.

LITTLE MATTIE.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

Dead! Thirteen a month ago!
Short and narrow her life's walk.
Lover's love she could not know,
Even by a dream or talk:
Too young to be glad of youth;
Missing honor, labor, rest,
And the warmth of a babe's mouth
At the blossom of her breast.
Must you pity her for this,
And for all the loss it is—
You, her mother with wet face,
Having had all in your case?

II.

Just so young but yesternight,
Now she is as old as death.
Meek, obedient in your sight,
Gentle to a beck or breath,
Only on last Monday! yours,
Answering you like silver bells
Lightly touched! an hour matures:
You can teach her nothing else.
She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid.
By those eyelids pale and close
Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

III.

Cross her quiet hands, and smooth
Down her patient locks of silk,
Cold and passive as in truth
You your fingers in spilt milk
Drew along the marble floor;
But her lips you cannot wring
Into saying a word more,
"Yes" or "no," or such a thing.
Though you call and beg and wreak
Half your soul out in a shriek,
She will lie there in default
And most innocent revolt.

IV.

Ay, and if she spoke, may be
She would answer like the Sox,
"What is now 'twixt thee and me?"
Dreadful answer! better none.
Yours on Monday, God's to-day!
Yours, your child, your blood, your heart,
Called... you called her, did you say,
"Little Mattie" for your part?
Now already it sounds strange,
And you wonder, in this change,
What He calls His angel creature,
Higher up than you can reach her.

V.

'Twas a green and easy world
As she took it! room to play,
(Though one's hair might get uncurled
At the far end of the day.)
What she suffered she shook off
In the sunshine; what she sinned
She could pray on high enough
To keep safe above the wind.
If reproved by God or you,
'Twas to better her she knew;
And, if crossed, she gathered still
'Twas to cross out something ill.

VI.

You, who had the right, you thought,
To survey her with sweet scorn,
Poor gay child, who had not caught
Yet the octave-stretch forlorn
Of your larger wisdom! Nay,
Now your places are changed so,
In that same superior way
She regards you dull and low
As you did yourself exempt
From life's sorrows. Grand contempt
Of the spirits risen awhile,
Who look back with such a smile!

VII.

There's the sting of't. That, I think,
Hurts the most, a thousandfold!
To feel sudden, at a wink,
Some dear child we used to scold,
Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease,
Teach and tumble as our own,
All its curls about our knees,
Rise up suddenly full-grown,
Who would wonder such a sight
Made a woman mad outright?
—Show me Michael with the sword,
Rather than such angels, Lord!

—Cornhill Magazine, June.

Our Dublin Correspondence.

DUBLIN, June 14, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I FIND from THE STANDARD and *The Liberator* that the Abolitionists are by no means agreed that this war of yours is certain to prove an anti-slavery war.

It is pretty generally admitted that President Lincoln is in no sense an Abolitionist, and that Secretary Seward is a Janus-faced politician, with a keen eye to the bearing of his professions upon his promotion.

It is certain that at least a million Northern voters did their best to prevent so delicate an opponent of slavery as Lincoln from doing any mischief to the peculiar institution, and that hundreds of thousands of the Northern warriors, who are now so staunch for the Union, would still be equally staunch for the maintenance of Southern rights, if the South had not made that unlucky blunder about Fort Sumter.

Numbers of slaves, who had taken refuge with your brave Northern soldiers, have been returned to their masters by these champions of freedom.

Every man in England knows, or thinks he knows, what American slavery is; while very few, indeed, have any clear idea of the real meaning of the Union and the Constitution.

A war for the abolition of slavery would convey a definite idea to the mind of everybody here, whilst none of us understand, what seems clear to all Northern men, except the Abolitionists—that is, how slavery can be maintained in the event of the subjugation of the South and the forcible maintenance of the Union.

For one American who is keenly alive to the opinion of Englishmen on the present state of your affairs, and ready to jump to the most wholesale conclusions on such slender premises as the dictum of some individual political editor, there are at least ten Englishmen who don't think about you at all, except in so far as your affairs may affect the fluctuations of trade. Multitudes of Englishmen are more proud than ashamed of their ignorance respecting other countries.

Even amongst the educated classes there are not many exceptions to this indifference to your Federal and State politics and the working of your political machinery.

I have myself heard a very able College professor (who is only now studying the rudiments of American political and social engine) declare, that he was amazed at the prevalence of intense ignorance on these subjects amongst those with whom he was in the habit of associating.

Under these circumstances, there are thousands, millions, who are so used to hearing of the readiness of Americans to sympathize with all sorts of rebels who are not black, that they have extreme difficulty in comprehending the reasons why such intense indignation should manifest itself amongst you at the outbreak of a rebellion on your own soil.

A clumsy process of reasoning passes through the minds of these people to this effect: that as three millions of Americans rebelled against England seventy or eighty years ago, and retained 500,000 slaves all the time securely in their grasp while they succeeded in throwing off the English yoke, why may not eight or nine millions of Americans, who wish to keep a tight hold of four millions of slaves (which they are very much afraid of losing), rebel against the remaining nineteen millions of Americans, whom they hate very heartily? and why do the nineteen wish to keep the nine, especially since they (the nineteen) don't want to abolish slavery? The Irish member of Parliament (Mr. Gregory), who wished to induce our government to recognize the Southern Confederacy, has published a letter in *The Times*, in which he indignantly disclaims any sympathy with slavery, and declares that his object is to prevent the useless effusion of blood by a war which can neither reconcile the slave States nor strengthen the free States, nor lead to any beneficial result which may not be better attained in a peaceable way.

It is clear that much may be said on both sides, and that, if honest men in America can differ, it is only reasonable that we should not be altogether condemned if, in our ignorance, we don't say just the right thing at the right time.

The speeches of Cassius M. Clay and Mr. Burlingame at Paris, in which they threaten us with a league of America and France against us (as soon as your present domestic difficulty is settled), have excited great surprise. Are those men fit representatives of the American people who are so ready to bluster, swagger, and threaten thirty millions of their peaceable well-wishers for simply promising to keep out of other people's quarrels?

It is generally understood here, that your unscrupulous newspaper editors and intriguing politicians, and sometimes even your statesmen, find it a ready way to make political capital by picking a quarrel with England; but why should the Abolitionists follow such a questionable example? Why should a man so mild and courteous, so reasonable, allowance-making and kindly, as your Philadelphia correspondent, write as he does of England in his letter of May 25th? He should remember that England is not fairly represented by the editors of newspapers, and that there is nothing so pitiable in Lord John Russell talking of the rights of the Southern belligerents. That the Southerners are barbarians, and their leaders traitorous, treacherous, knavish and unscrupulous, I freely grant; but we cannot forget that there are eight or nine millions of seceders at war with the United States, and that if England is to treat them as pirates and common robbers, she will get herself over head and ears in a quarrel with which she has, diplomatically speaking, nothing to do. The policy adopted by her statesmen of late years, with the general approbation of the country, is that of non-intervention in the affairs of other countries so long as they do not interfere with herself. No country has suffered more by the contrary policy, or has got less thanks for doing so. This new course has been pursued in the recent struggles in Italy. Her sympathy and her good offices have all been on the side of the people as against their tyrants, lay and clerical; and I believe it is generally felt by all distinguished Italian patriots that the manifest interest and good will of England, and her remonstrances against the hostility of other powers, have had almost as much to do in raising Italy to her present position, and keeping her there, as the armed but not disinterested intervention of Louis Napoleon. Now, the free States in the present struggle have exactly this kind of support from the people of these countries. If the Southerners have sympathizers, their number is very small—and, with these few, the sympathy arises from ignorance and not from cotton. I doubt if one in ten thousand of the educated adults have any but the faintest idea of the United States Constitution, or of the reasons for the vehement enthusiasm which exists in the free States on behalf of the Union. For my own part, I have been for nearly a quarter of a century a diligent reader of American newspapers, and in constant personal and epistolary communication with Americans of no ordinary intelligence. I have directed more of my attention to American subjects than to any others except my own special domestic and business interests; and during all this time I have had ample opportunities for studying the bearings and motives of American politics—and yet I never clearly apprehended the grounds for the veneration which prevails amongst you on behalf of the Union and the Constitution, till I read a long communication from your eminent countryman, Mr. Motley, which lately occupied several columns of *The Times* newspaper. He showed that in adopting the Constitution, and the central, sovereign, federal Union, in 1787, the whole people of all the States did so deliberately, in order to take refuge, under the ægis of a strongly constituted government, from the anarchy to which they had been up to that time exposed, whilst existing as a mere confederacy of petty sovereignties. So great was their feebleness on this account, that for twelve years, from the acknowledgment of American independence by England, a number of forts were held by her, within your frontier, south of the Great Lakes, as guarantees of treaty stipulations which the weak, distracted confederacy was unable to fulfil. But these were promptly surrendered as soon as the adoption of the Constitution of the United States raised you into the position of a powerful, united people, with a strong central government. This was literally "news" to me and, I doubt not, to nearly all the readers of *The Times* in these islands. But though we see more clearly now than we did before why the North is so zealous for the Union and the Constitution—this is felt to be your affair; and that it is your business—not ours—to fight for it. That this war will, in some way or other, prove a death blow to slavery—that the prestige of the Slave Power is gone, and can never control the Union as it "used to did," I firmly believe—but though you and I may hold this opinion, the war is not by any means officially, or professedly, or intentionally, a war for the overthrow of slavery. If it were, the English people would more readily comprehend the whole matter, and the expression of enthusiastic sympathies would be almost universal. So long as the maintenance of the Union is the chief declared object of the war, and the American papers contain stories of fugitive slaves returned by Northern military officers, and of Southern letters of marque fitted out from Northern ports, how can you rationally expect that we shall be able to pick our way to the truth, surrounded as we are by so much to puzzle and to mystify us? Then, again, your correspondent is so disgusted by our "sordid baseness" that he "gives up all hope" of us now, especially since we have not treated Mr. Yancey as Barclay & Perkins's draymen treated Haynau. Now, what do the English people know of Mr. Yancey? Not five hundred men in all England, beside resident Americans and the readers of American newspapers, know of his existence—and if they did, I don't see why they should imitate Barclay & Perkins's draymen on his behalf. Lynch law is not generally recognized or admired in England; and if the conduct of the draymen had not been an exceptional case, it would not have made as much noise as it did. The English people have no better reason for lynching Yancey now than they had twelve months ago; and if they had lynched him then, the act would have called forth far louder expressions of indignation, in the free States, than all the plunder, torture, and murder of Northern citizens, in the slave States, since the affair at Harper's Ferry. In short, unless England had made up her mind to go to war with the slave States (to which she had no provocation), her only alternative was to regard them as belligerents. Some maintain that by refusing entry into her ports for the prizes taken by either party in the quarrel she has virtually taken sides with you, who are alone likely to sweep the seas, since the South has no ships, and her own ports are blockaded.

Mr. Motley, in the paper I have already noticed, speaks of "the absurd Morrill tariff" as one that should be at once abandoned. I think your Philadelphia correspondent defends this tariff in replying to Mrs. Martineau. It is strange that such a prohibitory tariff should have passed your Congress at a time when it was at least desirable to have the hearty good will and sympathy of England. The conviction that the rapid growth of England in wealth and power of late years has resulted from free trade, and that free trade is for the real benefit of all nations who adopt it, is so universal amongst the intelligent and educated classes, that we are apt to ascribe the prevalence of contrary views in the United States to the fact that a great preponderance of political power is in the hands of the masses, amongst whom ideas in favor of protection, exclusive dealing, and other obsolete notions are apt to linger with much tenacity. We think it right that you should produce at home whatever you can produce better and cheaper than we can supply them to you, and that you should get from your neighbor whatever he can give you on better terms than you can have them by going to a distance. But we don't think it good policy to tax your millions of consumers for the sake of your thousands of producers; that you should cultivate pine apples in Maine, or force ice in New Orleans.

The upshot of all I have said is, that we are entitled to great forbearance from you (on account of our ignorance) for any mistakes we may make in our policy. That our sympathy is with the North, there is no question here. *The Times* says that we "shall assuredly not rejoice in the military successes of either party." This is simply untrue. The common sense of the stupidest people tells them that the defeat and subjugation of the South means liberty to the slave, whatever may be the plans and schemes of the Northern victors. The prestige of the Slave Power is gone. A deep gulf has been fixed between the free and the slave States, and the restoration of a real Union is impossible; whilst the dissolution of the old Union will, most inevitably, prove a death blow to American slavery.

Yours, RICHARD D. WEBB.

THEODORE PARKER'S LIBRARY.

THE work of removing to the Boston Public Library the books bequeathed by this distinguished theologian to the City of Boston, has been commenced. They number upwards of eleven thousand volumes, comprising the greatest portion of his library. As a whole, the collection is very curious and remarkable, and will be an exceedingly valuable addition to the Public Library. It is very full of German classic literature, a pursuit in which Mr. Parker greatly excelled, and is rich in Greek and Latin works of all kinds and dates. It is also exceedingly well endowed in metaphysical works and in those on metaphysical theology.

As might have been expected, the collection contains a large number of books and pamphlets referring to philanthropic, industrial and educational topics. It has also some very curious palæotypes, or anciently painted books. Among them is a volume of Thomas Moore's Works, of 1557, an exceedingly rare work; a fair copy not absolutely complete, but containing the scarce leaf of which bibliophiles tell us so much. In the number and good collection of books of reference, Mr. Parker displayed rare judgment, the works being the very best of their class, and are of all languages and on almost every subject.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature exhibited is the collection of authors on civil law, the law of nations and kindred matters, such as one would not expect to find in the library of any man except that of a profound jurist. In his early life, previous to entering upon the clerical profession, Mr. Parker studied law to some extent, and would doubtless have displayed at the bar that breadth of study for which he was so distinguished in theology. When we take into consideration the profession which the donor embraced, this feature of his library is certainly very striking.

A brief catalogue of this donation has already been made, but it will be several months before the works will be arranged for public use. A thorough examination is yet to be made, which will, doubtless, show that the gift is even more valuable than has yet been supposed. It contains very many volumes of which the Public Library has long been in pursuit, and others which could not have been procured even if the funds at the disposal of the institution had been more liberal than they now are. Mr. Parker has set a noble example to those of our citizens who have large collections of books. By thus disposing of his library, he has made himself a public benefactor, and identified his name with one of the best institutions of the city where his last years were passed.—*Boston Transcript, June 21.*

ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

From The Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Eagle.

THE original song of "Yankee Doodle," if we trace it to its germ, has considerable antiquity. The tune was known as early as the time of Charles the First, when a nursery song had these words:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding 'round it."

In the time of the Roundheads—the period of Cromwell's protectorate—when Italian fashions, being introduced into England, were ridiculed by the satirists and preached against by the Puritan clergy, we find the following verse to the same tune. Here we have "Yankee Doodle" in name for the first time:

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Maccoroni."

Maccoroni, at that time, signified a dandy with Italian fashions. Some have supposed that it was written by a royalist to satirize Cromwell, who wore a "feather in his hat." The "original song," so far as Americans are concerned, was written, it is supposed, in the spring of 1775, after the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord. I subjoin a copy, as printed by Isaiah Thomas, author of the "History of Printing," in 1813. It is called

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day
Would keep it our house a winter;
They have as much, that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're mind ter.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Sinh's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again—
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrink't it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knock'd upon't with little clubs,
And call'd the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him, in his meetin' clothes
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted pokily to get
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hook'd it off,
Nor stopp'd as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.

In Farmer and Moore's "Collections, Historical and Miscellaneous, and Monthly Literary Journal," for April, 1824, I find a new version of this song, with some stanzas not found in the original. They are evidently interpolations. I give a specimen or two:

And then they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons, red as blood,
All round about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It almost scared me half to death,
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam come there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For 'lasses cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

A little while before the battle of Lexington, the British (who had used the tune as one of their military airs at Castle William, in Boston harbor, as early as 1768,) had a song in reference to the Americans near Boston, who were secretly procuring arms in that city, then occupied by royal troops. The following verse is preserved:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
For to buy a fire-lock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock."

A writer in the New York *Evening Post*, a few years ago, claimed for the Dutch the origin of "Yankee Doodle." He said that the harvest laborers who, in summer, migrate from Germany to the low countries, or Holland, where they receive as much buttermilk as they can drink, and a tenth of the grain secured by their exertions, had a song, with the following chorus:

"Yankee didel, doodle down
Didel, dudel lanter,
Yanke, viver, voover vown,
Botermilk and Tanther."

This account is apochryphal, to say the least, for the words in the above verse are neither German, Dutch, nor any other known language on the face of the earth. Our "Southern brethren," who have a decidedly ugly way, at the present time, of showing their brotherhood, and whose "first families," according to their toasted and admired correspondent of the London *Times*, say, "If we could only get one of the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content," a sentiment "varied a hundred ways," repeated to him "over and over again," and who "regret the strange result and consequences" of the old war for independence, have naturally discarded "Yankee Doodle." South Carolina, by legislative enactment last winter, forbade the future celebration of the Fourth of July and the use of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and "Star Spangled Banner"; and soon afterward the poet laureate, we presume, of the "Southern Confederacy" (for the British government they so much long for pensions a poet laureate) put forth the following:

FAREWELL TO YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle, fare you well,
Rice and cotton flout you;
Once they liked you very well,
But now they'll do without you.

Yankee Doodle used to treat
Old Pompey as a neighbor;
He didn't grab his breadand meat,
Nor cavil at his labor.

But Doodle now has got so keen,
For every dirty shilling;
Propose a job, however mean,
And Yankee Doodle's willing.

Doodle, too, has had the luck
To get a new religion;
A kind of holy zeal to pluck
At everybody's pigeon.

Doodle's morbid conscience strains
With Puritanic vigor
To loose the only friendly chains
That ever bound a nigger.

Yet Doodle knows as well as I
That when he's come and freed 'em,
He'd see a million niggers die,
Before he'd help to feed 'em.

Yankee Doodle sent us down
A gallant missionary;
His name was Captain Johnny Brown,
The Priest of Harper's Ferry.

With pikes he tried to magnify
The gospel creed of Beecher;
But Old Virginia lifted high
This military preacher.

Yet glory to his name is sung,
As if with sin untainted;
The bloody wretch, by justice hung,
By bigotry is sainted.

Yankee Doodle, now good bye,
We spurn a thing so rotten,
Proud independence is the cry
Of sugar, rice, and cotton.

Atlanta, Georgia, February 1st, 1861.

I would humbly advise our Southern brethren, when they sing this "farewell," to hum, in *sotto voce*, sufficiently clear for the ear of their Northern brethren, something like the following:

King Cotton was a monarch bold,
Till regicidal treason,
With promises of untold gold,
Deprived us of our reason.

King Cotton now, without the aid
Of England, France, or Prussia,
Spain, Portugal, or Belgium,
Or serf-releasing Russia,

Is growing weak in every limb,
And trembles like a noodle;
And we had better make our peace
With angry Yankee Doodle.

The memory of these half-penitent words may serve to mitigate the "ferocity of the Northern Goths and Vandals," when those who have bidden "Farewell to Yankee Doodle" shall, as Prentice says, be standing where there will be "an Impending Crisis and no Helper."

THE MENDOZA EARTHQUAKE.

From The Tribune of Buenos Ayres.

MENDOZA, March 30, 1861.

DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND: With nothing from you, and in the greatest extremities, in the midst of a meadow, at the mercy of the elements, with a chair for a table, I write you, one of my cousins being my amanuensis, to inform you what has occurred in this city of Mendoza.

On the night of the 20th, about 8½ or 9 o'clock, as I was in the inner office of the Juez de Comercio, Don Domingo Bombal writing a decree to a petition of Don Antonio Aberastain, we felt the shock of an earthquake, and fled to the street, I being the last; as I reached the door of the office, the earth gave so violent a shake that the store and office fell together, shutting me in between the walls for at least a quarter of an hour, suffering from the continual shocks and having no outlet. As soon as the shocks ceased, gaining strength from my fears, I made every exertion to move away the bricks which covered the door. I succeeded in turning over two bricks, and making an opening by which I got out with much difficulty. What horror! As soon as I stood up on the ruins I looked over the city by moonlight; everything was in the dust, even the churches—not one house remained standing. Crossing the ruins toward my house, to see if I could save my family, since all the streets were filled with ruins, on passing by the shop of Don Juan A. Sosa, I heard voices from below calling for help. I could not pass them. I set to work to clear off the rubbish which was above with my hands and nails, and after an hour's work succeeded in rescuing two of Sosa's clerks. We afterward rescued another who was further on, and then I went on to my house to see if I could not do the same for my family. After much trouble I found my house, and climbed on to the ruins, calling for my wife and children, but none answered. I then went to the house of my son, who lives in the plaza, but could not find it, such was the sameness of ruin. Don Jose de la Cruz Centeno, who was seated in the plaza much bruised, and who lived next door to Merceditas, showed which was her house. I climed over the ruins calling to her, till I reached the gable of the room where she slept, which remained standing, but leaning over most dangerously to the north. I called, and she answered me from below the ruins.

I went round, and never heeding the risk, set to work to get her out, by taking off the bricks above her. Alone, bruised in spirit and sorrowful, without tools, with my hands alone I raised the bricks and discovered the head of my daughter. As soon as I had given her air, she told me that the child she had in her arms was not dead and yet breathed. I called to Centeno to hire some peons, or send some one who could help me; many came but did not dare to help me, when they saw the leaning gable which, if it fell, would bury us all together. One peon only took pity seeing me at work alone, and after two or three hours work removing bricks, we got out the child before it died, but it was necessary to cut off all the clothes of my daughter at the waist, and thus only we rescued her in her chemise, bruised and hurt. Thence we carried her in an arm chair to the plaza and seated her upon a mat belonging to Centeno. She told me that my wife Domitila and her uncle Don Felipe Cobo had run off for the plaza, but were not happy enough to escape, the house in which Merceditas lived and that of Don Pablo Villanueva falling upon them.

I have lost Domitila, my daughter Adele, my son-in-law Emeterio, and my two servants. Also, the uncle and aunt of my wife, Don Felipe and Dona Dolores Cobo, were killed.

The earthquake has not only entirely ruined the city, but also the partidos of San Vicente and Lujan, the ruins reaching to the Valley of Uco and the Fort of San Carlos. In Cruz de la Piedra many houses are ruined, and those which have not fallen are shattered and much damaged. *In the city more than two-thirds are buried and dead*, and so great is the odor of decomposition that not even with camphor in the nostrils is it posible to walk through the streets.

After the earthquake the club which was in Soto's passage caught fire, and also several stores, among them those of Villanueva, Regueira & Co., Mordella, Fune's two, those of Bombal, that of Corvalan, and many others. The worst is the sack and general plunder made by the populace, not only of the stores, but of the private houses, as has happened to me and many others. Five days after this terrible sack, government issued a proclamation against the robbers, and some were caught.

I cannot do less than touch your heart, imploring you to move the hearts of your friends to raise a subscription to our succor, for we can neither emigrate from want of means, nor can we maintain ourselves, since we have no way to turn in which to employ ourselves. In this state I am, and though I am digging up the house in which I lived, the only thing that I have yet rescued safe is one of the chairs you bought for me. I have the care of my married daughter, of my grandchild, and of my son Ramon, who was rescued by some strangers from under the ruins.

DIARY OF OBSERVATIONS MADE IN MENDOZA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

From The Confederacion of April 20.

At a quarter to nine the earthquake commenced with a clap of thunder, followed by a shaking of the earth. The shocks were so violent and rapid that all the buildings, without one exception, were thrown down. The shocks continued until sunrise. As all the stores and the Progreso Club were lighted with gas, fire broke out simultaneously in all the square occupied by trading establishments, and in the rest of the city it broke out here and there from the kitchens and chimneys. The howling of dogs, the cries of birds, the neighing of horses, mixed with the sighs, lamentations, and groans of an entire people, fill one with terror.

21.—Up to nightfall there were nineteen shocks, seven of which were pretty strong. The wounded, who had passed the night in the plaza, and those who were carried there from the streets, remained exposed to the sun without other help than that afforded to them by the charity of strangers. By whatever street you passed there arose from among the ruins the cries and groans of the victims, many perishing for lack of assistance.

The fire gains strength; everything is confusion and disorder. None of the authorities are to be seen in either the streets or squares.

22.—To-day fourteen shocks have been felt, of which four were pretty strong. All the wounded are collected in the plaza, and the families who took refuge there assist them. There is neither beef nor other victuals to be had, and water is far off, as all the water-courses have dried up. Many, at their wit's end for fear, run about the city, asking all they meet for their relations, who were caught by the catastrophe away from their houses, and search for them wherever there is any chance they may have been. Terror, hunger, and desolation occupy every mind. Bands of country people are arriving provided with tools, some to assist the unfortunate, others in search of booty. In every street and at short distances may be seen dead bodies, whose putrefaction is a new danger. The evil is increasing hourly, the fire gains ground, and the authorities do nothing whatever.

23.—All goes on as yesterday. The corruption is commencing to drive out those who had taken refuge in the plaza or under the trees of city houses. The Governor has had three animals killed to-day, and the beef is distributed gratis. There have been to-day thirteen shocks, three of them heavy and of long continuance. The Governor of San Juan hearing of the catastrophe from a peon who fled from Mendoza, called together several merchants of this city who were there, and after questioning the man before them, offered them every assistance to return, sending at the same time the Sub-Inspector of Police, with a note, in which he freely offered to our government, in aid of the unhappy city, food, surgeons, medicines, transports, and further, fifty soldiers for the protection of property. The sack continues, and fire consumes the ruins. Of more than twenty nuns who were in the Jesuits' convent, only eight have been saved, and are encamped in a meadow at San Nicholas, where they have raised a bell upon two posts, and improvised an altar. Around them are collected many of the destitute. The sound of this bell is the only noise, which, like a wail, breaks upon the silence of these ruins.

24.—Despair spreads. Terror concerning the future lot of the families increases, and these fly on foot to the fields, carrying with them their goods—the desolation becomes greater. Government, as yesterday, distributed the beef of some animals. The fire diminishes, and a decree is published forbidding entrance into the city to all who have not an order from some proprietor—a useless measure which the plunderers will not respect. Nine shocks, of which three were heavy, were felt in the morning. Many of the wounded are dying, some lying stretched in the plaza.

25.—A butcher's shed has been set up near the plaza, and though the beef is not gratis, it may be bought at $2 the arrobe. Nine shocks, of which only one was heavy, have been felt. The fire is dying out, but the odor of corruption makes the streets impassable. A nun who was buried under the ruins has come out to-day, without other assistance than the scissors she held in her hand when the earthquake broke out. It is astonishing that a woman 50 years of age should have been able to save herself after five days burial. The Governor has ordered the sick to go out into the Alameda, but some remain in the plaza. A decree has been published imposing pain of death upon all caught plundering. The measure comes late, as they have already their dens among the ruins. Various gentlemen have arrived from San Juan, with carriages to take away the families, and other succors, which have been gratefully accepted. These philanthropists are going back for other and more extensive relief. We owe much to our neighbors of San Juan. The plundering goes on.

26.—The plaza is nearly abandoned by the families and the sick. Various charitable neighbors have collected in groups in the quintas about the city, where they live together as one family, bound together by the common misfortune. Four plunderers have been shot upon the ruins of the city, and two more at San Vicento, without form or trial, as is necessary in these cases. Several shocks have been felt, but the weather is very fine. I am told that at two leagues from this, at Carril del Rosario, enormous cracks had been made in the earth, which throw up quantities of water. In the city the earth is torn with fissures; I have seen some of them in the act of opening, which is with the speed of lightning. On the north side, and near the willow, there are fissures of from a half to two yards wide and very deep. In other parts basins are formed, throwing up water and sand. Some families have left for San Juan, and others will go as soon as conveyance can be found.

27.—A commission, accompanied by many citizens, has arrived from San Juan to present from their government to that of this province the sanction of the Chambers to expend $10,000 in aid of Mendoza.

Again the earth trembles. Lord have mercy upon us!

28.—Last night there were seven shocks, three of them very strong. To-morrow is the mail day for the coast, and up to this moment (mid-day) it is not known by whom or where the mails will be dispatched, all the employees of the post office being killed.

29.—Gov. Nazar retired yesterday at 3 o'clock to Acaquias. The seat of government is established in the district of Rio Baroba, at the town of Junin. Col. Don Juan de Dios Videla is one of those who has formed a colony of unfortunates, who live under his protection and who are fed by him gratis. He also keeps guard over the northern part of the city and suburbs, preventing plunder. In the rest of the city the sack continues. There have been seven shocks—three of them violent. One man was dragged out of the ruins who was known to be alive by the movement of his eyes. The fire is nearly extinguished. A new commission has arrived from the government of San Luis.

30.—The Governor has come back from Tres Acaquias with eighty men. To-day a woman was dragged out of the ruins alive, after being eleven days buried, and taken to the hospital of San Nicolas. Da Juana Villanueva and all her children have been taken half carbonized out of the ruins. Some days ago the idea was mooted of a meeting of the Chambers. It took place to-day, the session being opened at twelve o'clock, under the trees. The idea was proposed and carried of appointing a commission *ad hoc*, as a sort of municipality. Each member is to have charge of a special department, as the collection and cure of the wounded in hospital, the digging out and burial of the bodies whose putrefaction is already insupportable, to facilitate transit by the streets, break up the ruins, look after water supply, to organize and pay laborers, to provide for the public security and prevent emigration; to accept and distribute the contributions from the sister provinces, to look out for a site for the rebuilding of the city, etc., etc. The Governor was not present at this meeting, so that another was determined to-day, one lamentable incident occuring of which I will tell you after. There have been two shocks to-day.

The following letter is published by the *Nacional:*

MENDOZA, March 30, 1861.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have just received yours for Cæsar. In answering it I have the sorrow to inform you that Mendoza has disappeared in less than two seconds, in consequence of an earthquake which took place on the 29th inst., at 8½ in the evening, and by which three-quarters of the inhabitants have perished; among them, papa, mamma, and Maltida. Fortunately I was only struck by a rail and had strength to raise myself, which saved our family from total extinction, for Cæsar was buried near me, under the store door, and as he called, we got him out, after which I went to the house. They were all buried; it was in vain to call them; no one answered until my servant told me that he heard some one weeping underneath. We set to work with our nails, for we had no tools in the emergency, and got Domitila out half dead. Mamma was close to, but was already dead. Matilda we did not find, for we were worn out, and I thought search useless, as she never answered to my calling, and as mamma, who was nearer the top, was dead, that made me lose hope. I have continual sorrow in the thought, that if I had not stopped to get Cæsar out (which there were others at hand to do) I should have found all the others alive, for Domitila says that a few moments before I came they were talking together. But I never thought that the house would have fallen on our family, as the patio was at hand for safety; but they fled to the street, and were caught in the doorway. Domitila and Cæsar are very ill, Cæsar the worst. We have neither surgeons nor medicines, for the drug stores have disappeared. From San Juan assistance is coming. I am in bed hurt, but not seriously; only in the foot. That night to get to the house, two squares off, I had to crawl on my knees, I could go no other way, climbing over immense blocks of ruins, for the Church of Santo Domingo had fallen into the street.

SAN JUAN, March 25, 1861.

Paula has just arrived from Chile. The earthquake which destroyed Mendoza caught her with Corina and Emilia at the foot of the central Cordillera of the Andes. The mercy of God has alone preserved them. It is horrible to hear their account of the fearful scene they witnessed. Deep caverns were opened into the bowels of the mountains, the mountain summits were parted asunder, the road was blocked up in all parts with rocks rolled down from above, and with the rubbish brought with them in their fall. The earth in places burst open like a bombshell, ejecting water all the way from Uspallata. Enormous stones were thrown from one mountain to another, with the report of cannon. Some passengers on the road have been killed, crushed by the falling rocks. It was a scene of indescribable horror which surrounded them, they fearing every moment that they would be buried under the rocks which came rolling down the sides of the mountains.

OUR ORDERS.

WEAVE no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights;
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flag whose bars to-day
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,
And homely garments, coarse and gray,
For orphans that must earn their bread!

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That pour delight from other lands!
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet—
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtle power,
Go, chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour!

Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined!
Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
The destiny of humankind!

And if that destiny could fail,
The sun should darken in the sky,
The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
And God, and Truth, and Freedom die!

"MISERABLE SINNERS."—There are many of our brethren violently ready to proclaim themselves frail mortals, miserable sinners, and no better, in theological phraseology, than the greatest of criminals. But such has been our own unfortunate experience in life, that whenever we find a man coming forward with these self-denunciations on his lips, we are prepared for an exhibition of intolerance, spiritual pride, and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, towards some poor fellow-creature who has floundered a little out of the true path, and, being all too conscious of his errors, is not prepared to proclaim them in those broad, emphatic terms which come so readily to the lips of the censors, who at least believe themselves spotless; just as complaints about poverty, and inability to buy this and that, come from the fat lips of the millionaire, when he shows you his gallery of pictures, his stud, and his forcing-frames. It is questionable if your perfectionised Sir Charles Grandison is quite so dangerous a character as your "miserable sinner," vociferously conscious that he is the frailest of the frail, and that he can do no good thing of himself.—*Blackwood.*

STOP WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED, if you have not prayed two minutes. All attemps to lengthen out a prayer are too transparent to deceive anybody, and are both ridiculous and profane. Dr. South has a Sermon on Long Extemporary Prayers, with much of which the Christian reader will disagree; but to this sentence there will be assent: "Nothing is more unacceptable to God than to hold on speaking after we have left off praying." This sensible advice is from *Zion's Herald.* There is less real prayer in the long, formal array of words that passes for it than in the prayer of the rough old captain in a storm, who, when the terrified passengers persuaded him to petition Heaven for a cessation of the tempest, preferred the following brief request: "Oh, Lord! I haven't been in the habit of calling on Thee often; and if you'll shift the wind from sou'-west to a little more sou', I won't trouble you again."

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